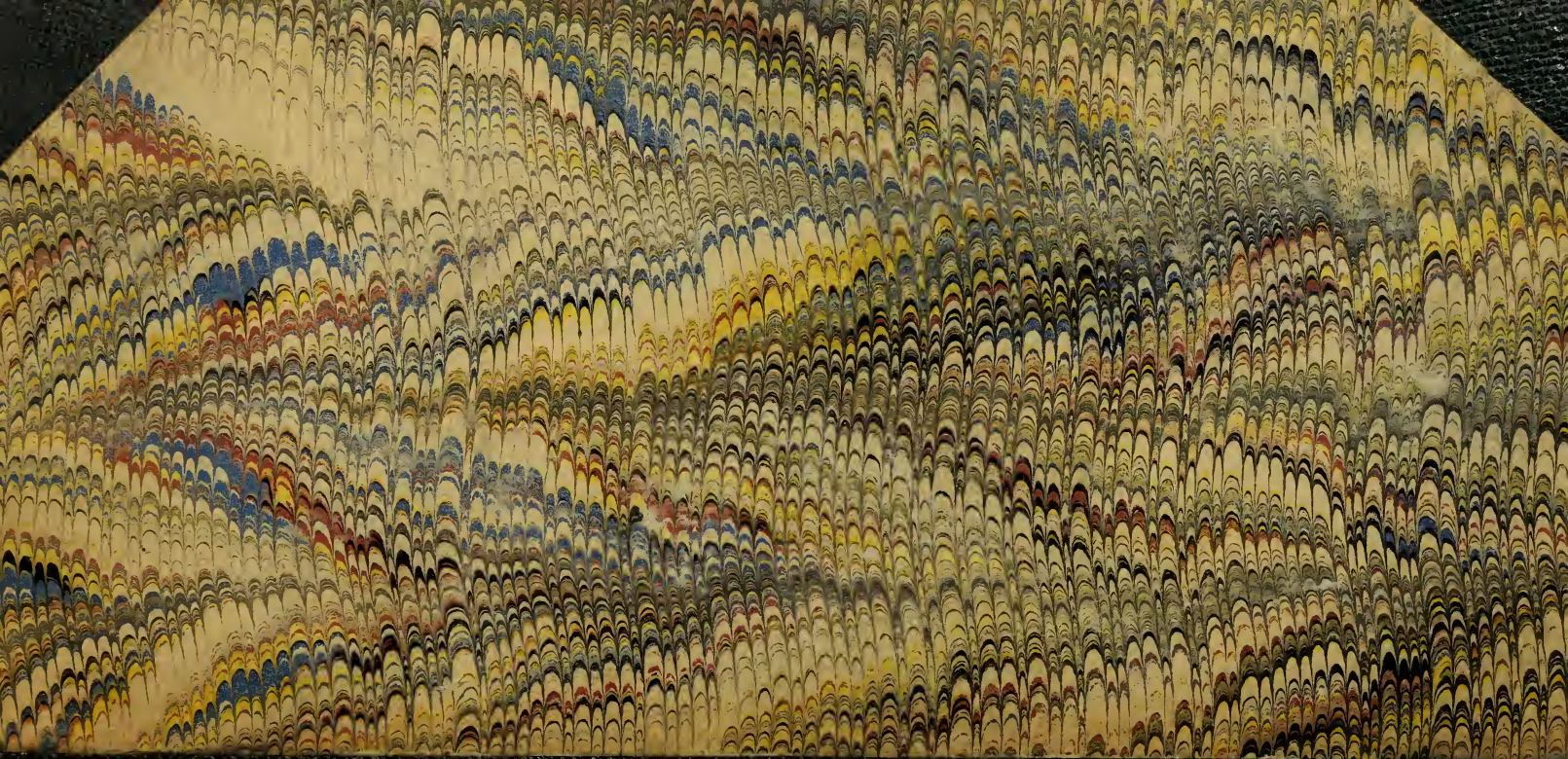

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William Henry Ireland. MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS AND LEGAL INSTRUMENTS. London, 1796.

The frontispiece represents an alledged self-portrait of Shakespeare. The title page refers to the manuscripts of Hamlet and of King Lear which Ireland claimed to have discovered.

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# MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS,

## LEGAL INSTRUMENTS,

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR,

AND

A SMALL FRAGMENT OF HAMLET,

FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS. OF

*WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.*

Lab.d for Ireland Norfolk Street Strand Dec.r 1795

# MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

AND

# LEGAL INSTRUMENTS

UNDER THE HAND AND SEAL OF

# *WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE:*

INCLUDING THE TRAGEDY

OF

# KING LEAR,

AND A SMALL FRAGMENT

OF

# HAMLET,

FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

IN THE POSSESSION OF

*SAMUEL IRELAND,*

OF NORFOLK STREET.

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——"QUOD OPTANTI DIVUM PROMITTERE NEMO
"AUDERET, VOLVENDA DIES EN ATTULIT ULTRO."
ÆN. IX. 6.

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London:

Printed by COOPER and GRAHAM, Bow Street, Covent Garden.

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1796.

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May. 1873

# PREFACE.

THE Editor of this Volume here preſents the Public with a part of that valuable treaſure of our SHAKSPEARE, which, having been by accident diſcovered in MS., has ſince been depoſited in his hands. From the firſt moment of this diſcovery to the preſent hour, Mr. Ireland has inceſſantly laboured, by all the means in his power, to inform himſelf with reſpect to the validity of theſe intereſting papers.

Throughout this period there has not been an ingenuous character, or diſintereſted individual, in the circle of Literature, to whoſe critical eye he has not been earneſt, that the whole ſhould be ſubjected. He has courted, he has even challenged, the critical judgment of thoſe, who are beſt ſkilled in the Poetry and Phraſeology of the times in which Shakſpeare lived; as well as thoſe, whoſe profeſſion or courſe of ſtudy has made them converſant with ancient deeds, writings, ſeals and autographs. Wide and extenſive as this range may appear, and it includes the Scholar, the Man of Taſte, the Antiquarian, and the Herald, his enquiries have not reſted in the cloſet of the Speculatiſt; he has been

equally anxious that the whole ſhould be ſubmitted to the practical experience of the Mechanic, and be pronounced upon by the paper-maker, &c., as well as the Author. He has ever been deſirous of placing them in any view, and under any light, that could be thrown upon them; and he has, in conſequence, the ſatisfaction of announcing to the Public, that, as far as he has been able to collect the ſentiments of the ſeveral claſſes of perſons above referred to, they have unanimouſly teſtified in favour of their authenticity; and declared, that, where there was ſuch a maſs of evidence, internal and external, it was impoſſible, amidſt ſuch various ſources of detection, for the art of imitation to have hazarded ſo much without betraying itſelf; and, conſequently, that *theſe Papers can be no other than the production of Shakſpeare himſelf.*

It may be expected, that ſomething be ſaid by the Editor, of the manner in which theſe papers came into his hands. He received them from his ſon, Samuel-William-Henry Ireland, a young man then under nineteen years of age; by whom the diſcovery was accidentally made at the houſe of a gentleman of conſiderable property.

Amongſt a maſs of family papers, the Contracts between Shakſpeare, Lowine, and Condelle, and

the Leaſe granted by him and Hemynge to Michael Fraſer, which was firſt found, were diſcovered; and ſoon afterwards the Deed of Gift to William Henry Ireland, (deſcribed as the friend of Shakſpeare, in conſequence of his having ſaved his life on the river Thames, when in extreme danger of being drowned) and alſo the Deed of Truſt to John Hemynge, were diſcovered. In purſuing this ſearch he was ſo fortunate as to meet with ſome deeds very material to the intereſts of this gentleman, and ſuch as eſtabliſhed, beyond all doubt, his title to a conſiderable property: deeds of which this gentleman was as ignorant, as he was of his having in his poſſeſſion any of the MSS. of Shakſpeare. In return for this ſervice, added to the conſideration that the young man bore the ſame name and arms with the perſon who ſaved the life of Shakſpeare, this gentleman promiſed him every thing relative to the preſent ſubject, that had been or ſhould be found either in town, or at his houſe in the country. At this houſe the principal part of the papers, together with a great variety of books, containing his MS. notes, and three MS. plays, with part of another, were diſcovered.

Fortified as he is with the opinion of the unprejudiced and intelligent, the Editor will not allow that it can be preſumption in him to ſay, that he

has no doubt of the truth and authenticity of that, which he lays before the Public. Of this fact he is as fully ſatisfied, as he is with the honour that has been obſerved towards him throughout the whole communication made to him upon this ſubject. So circumſtanced, he ſhould not feel juſtified in importuning or any way requeſting a gentleman, to whom he is known only by obligation, and not perſonally, to ſubject himſelf to the impertinence and licentiouſneſs of literary curioſity and cavil, unleſs he ſhould himſelf voluntarily come forward. But this is not all. It was not till after the maſs of papers received became voluminous, that Mr. Ireland had any idea of printing them: he then applied to the original poſſeſſor for his permiſſion ſo to do; and this was not obtained but under the ſtrongeſt injunction, that his name ſhould not appear.—This injunction has, throughout all the ſtages of this buſineſs, been uniformly declared: and, as this gentleman has dealt moſt liberally with the Editor, he can confidently ſay, that in his turn he has with equal openneſs and candour conducted himſelf towards the Public; to whom, immediately upon every communication made, every thing has been ſubmitted without reſerve.

But, it is ſaid, that the diſcloſure of the name

of the gentleman, from whom theſe papers came would remove all doubts, and ſettle all men's minds upon the ſubject. He believes, and is confident, that with ſome it would. But who is it that ſays this? It cannot be the real Critic, or Antiquarian. He will not ſay, that his art or ſcience amounts to nothing, and that his lucubrations are idle and uſeleſs. But if the point cannot finally or ſatisfactorily be decided either by the thing written, its paper or parchment vehicle, or ſeals appendant, or the other circumſtances under which it was introduced, and muſt depend wholly upon the place and perſon from whom they came, what becomes of the acumen of the Critic, or the ſkill and labour of the Antiquarian? By this rule it is a queſtion for another juriſdiction; and the occupation of the Critic and Antiquarian is gone.

Many authors, poſſeſſed of rare and extraordinary talents, have been occaſionally imitated; but, ſo ſuperior and tranſcendant is the Genius of Shakſpeare, that ſcarce any attempts to rival or imitate him, and thoſe too contemptible to notice, have ever been made. With a wit ſo pregnant, an imagination ſo unbounded, ſuch an intuitive knowledge of the workings of the human heart, ſo ſimple and ſo ſublime, it ſeemed, that the ſeal of

heaven had been ſtamped on the production of his mind, and that

" Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
" And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines."

To the man of taſte, and lover of ſimplicity, to the ſound Critic, it is conceived, upon collating them, it will appear, that the alterations made in the printed copies of Lear are manifeſtly introduced by the players, and are deviations from that ſpontaneous flow of ſoul and ſimple diction, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh this great Author, this Child of Nature; and that the additions and alterations interſperſed, which, in the eyes of the players, were, no doubt, ſplendid improvements, have not unfrequently been introduced at the expence of the natural courſe of the narrative, the regular detail of the fact, and uniformity of the author's ſtyle; which, whether it is employed on great things or ſmall, in expreſſing humble or lofty images, is invariably without labour or effort, and without any thing like hardneſs or inverſion. Theſe too are amongſt the reaſons that have perſuaded the Editor, that theſe papers are genuine; for, it is preſumed, the MS. here preſented to the Public muſt have been the original, and, probably, the only one by the author.

Next to the crime of attempting to impoſe on others, and inviting them to countenance the impoſition, is the cruel and unmanly charge of taxing another with ſo unworthy a deſign. To the Editor that charge has been imputed: and to this he can with truth reply, that no conſideration ſhould, under ſuch circumſtances, have induced him to practiſe ſuch a fraud, had the quality of the thing pretended been ever ſo excellent; and that, had even the poſſibility of forging theſe papers been in his eſtimation within the reach of art, they never ſhould have met the public eye. The contrary opinion having been eſtabliſhed by the beſt and ſoundeſt judgments, he has been emboldened with the fulleſt confidence thus to gratify his private wiſhes, as well as a duty, which he feels he owes to the Public, in ſubmitting them to their inſpection.

It was the great object of the Editor to obtain the fair and free ſuffrages of the literary world, that they ſhould ſee with their own eyes, and judge with their own underſtandings; and with this view he dedicated his time to them. Should it, therefore, be poſſible that either artifice or influence has been uſed to prevent any one from gratifying that curioſity, ſo natural to the mind of man upon a ſubject ſo intereſting, no one can be ſo weak as to be at a loſs to aſſign the motive.

And if any one, whoſe diſpoſitions and ſtudies have throughout life engaged and riveted him in theſe faſcinating purſuits, ſhall be found to have been diverted by ſuch means, be aſſured that ſomething more than Truth and candid Criticiſm muſt, in ſuch inſtance, have been the object of him who could condeſcend to occupy himſelf in offices, at any rate, ſo unbecoming and ungenerous. Above all, if any one, who has uſed ſuch miſchievous activity, has himſelf never ſeen the papers which he pronounces ſpurious, and yet labours to prevent conviction reaching the eyes and underſtandings of his friends, the Editor might have been well excuſed, could he have foreſeen ſo illiberal an oppoſition to this great and national diſcovery, had he declined to devote near twelve months of his time to the Public, and to have embarked ſo large a ſum in this undertaking, as yet to ſubject him to a conſiderable loſs.

In the original MS. of Lear no punctuation is any where to be found; nor are there ſtrokes to the *t*'s or dots to the *i*'s. Theſe laſt, which may aſſiſt the reader, and cannot poſſibly diſturb or affect the ſenſe, the Editor has ſupplied; but in every other reſpect he has left the text preciſely as he found it. In the MS. there are many notes viſible on the backs of the ſheets, ſigned W. S. or W^m^. Shak-

ſpeare: great pains have been uſed to decypher them, but the pen has been croſſed over with ſo much care, that it has been found impracticable.

The ſmall fragment of Hamlet, as far as it goes, will produce reflections in the mind of the reader ſimilar to thoſe which muſt have ſuggeſted themſelves upon the peruſal of the Lear; and conſtrain us the more ſincerely to regret the loſs of the reſt of theſe ſimple, yet impreſſive, effuſions of his natural and eaſy vein.

In this view it is, that the Editor cannot help conſidering the recovery of the original of one of Shakſpeare's plays as not an event of mere curioſity, but as an important acceſſion to the Literature of his Country. While it lays before them the characteriſtic features of the ſtyle of this greate Author, it furniſhes the Scholar and Antiquarian with ſure grounds, on which he may deduce the hiſtory of his native tongue. It preſents a ſtyle, as undreſſed as it is uniform; and ſo much ſo, that the Editor is thoroughly aſſured, that whoever will give himſelf the trouble of collating a few ſcenes, muſt, if he has the ſmalleſt critical ſagacity, be able to pronounce for himſelf with certainty as to almoſt every inſtance, in which the general ſtyle of the Author is departed from and a new one ſubſtituted;

and that, inſtead of his ſimple phraſeology, and ſentences framed according to their natural order and conſtruction, the obvious general features of his own writings, there will be found at intervals tumor and gaudy trappings, and hardneſs, and inverſion.

By way of example, the Editor here lays before the Public one or two inſtances: p. 59, line 1153.

"ſ *Stew* Tript mee behynde beynge downe in-
" ſultedde raylde
" ande putte *onne hymme ſoe muche o the* Manne
" Thatte worthyedde hymme *ande gotte hymme*
" prayſes o the Kynge
" *Ande forre the Attempt of thys hys ſofte ſub-*
" *dud* exployte
" Drewe oune mee here agayne."

In the Quarto Edition of 1608; and in the Modern Editions, Act II. Scene II.

" *Stew.* Tript me behinde, being downe, in-
" ſulted, raild,
" And put *vpon him ſuch a deale of* man,
" That worthied him, *got* praiſes of the King,
" *For him attempting who was ſelfe ſubdued,*
" *And in the flechuent of this dread* exploit,
" Drew on mee heere againe."

In the following ſcene, in Edgar's ſpeech; p. 63, line 1219.

" *Edg* Blankette mye loynes *twiſte* alle mye
" hayre in Knottes
" Ande *inne Adam lyke* Nakeddeneſſe oute face
" The Winde ande perſecutyonne o the Skye."

In the Quarto Edition of 1608; and Modern Editions, SCENE III.

" *Edg* Blanket my loines, *elſe* all my hair with
" knots,
" And *with preſented* nakednes out-face
" The winde, and perſecution of the ſkie."

Again, in p. 68, line 1433; the ſame SCENE.

" *Leare* I woud divorce thee fromme thye Mo-
" therres *Wombe*
" *Ande ſaye the Motherre was an Adultreſſe.*"

In the Quarto Edition of 1608; the ſame SCENE.

" *Lear* I woud divorce me from thy mothers
" *toombe*,
" *Sepulchring an adultreſſe.*"

And again, in p. 140, line 2759.

" *Edm* Sir I thoughte itte *fyttenne* toe ſende the
" oulde Kynge
" Toe *cloſe* retennetyonne."

In the Quarto Edition of 1608; ACT V. SCENE III.

" *Baſt.* Sir, I thought it *fit*
" To ſend the olde *and miſerable* King
" To *ſome* retention, *and appointed guard.*"

It is not in the vain expectation of recalling the innovating and critical Genius of the preſent age to the manly plainneſs and ſimplicity of their anceſtors, that this doctrine, ſo oppoſite to the trade of conjectural Criticiſm, is advanced; but a hope is indulged by the Editor, that that idea may ever be freſh and indelible in the breaſts of his countrymen, which one, worthy of being a commentator on the Merits and Genius of Shakſpeare, has ſo nobly expreſſed, that,

" Whilſt to the ſhame of ſlow endeav'ring art
" His eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
" Hath from the leaves of his unvalu'd book
" Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took,"

this impreſſion may neither be weakened nor effaced by the raſh hand of officious friendſhip, or over-weening vanity.

With reſpect to the improvement which this copy preſents, Mr. Ireland reſts not ſo much on the ſeveral beautiful paſſages here given in addition to the printed copies, as he does on the natural courſe of the dialogue and turn of the thought; which, injurioufly to the reputation of Shakſpeare, has, he affirms, been frequently in thoſe copies diverted and varied to anſwer the purpoſes already pointed out. To the intelligent reader it muſt be unneceſſary to enumerate them. The opinion entertained by the Author of the copies printed in his own life time, (unleſs it can be ſhewn that this Work is a mere fabrication) is aſcertained by the Deed of Truſt to John Hemynge, inſerted in this work; in which he ſays,

" & ſho^d. they bee everr agayne Impryntedd
" I doe orderr thatt theye bee ſoe donn from theſe
" mye true writtenn Playes & nott from thoſe nowe
" prynted."

In the Lear three leaves are unfortunately wanting in the original MS.; theſe the Editor has ſupplied from the Quarto Edition of 1608; and

they will be found in pages 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, and 54, marked with inverted commas. The Editor, in the pages following the Preface, has ventured to ſupply ſuch words or letters as he conceives to have been accidentally the omiſſion of the Author in writing this play; and this mode, he flatters himſelf, will be thought preferable to inſerting them in the body of the work. It may not be improper to add, that in the paper, on which this Play is written, more than twenty different water marks appear.

The Editor informs the Public, that (beſides the Play of Vortigern, now preparing for repreſentation at Drury-Lane Theatre) another, and more intereſting, hiſtorical Play has been diſcovered amongſt the other papers, in the hand writing of Shakſpeare: this will in due time be laid before the public. He likewiſe acquaints them, that he is in poſſeſſion of a great part of Shakſpeare's Library, in which are many books with Notes in his own hand, and thoſe of a very curious nature. Some of theſe he, moſt probably, will reprint: they exhibit him in a new character,—unite with the Bard, the Critic and the Moraliſt, and diſplay an acute and penetrating judgment, with a diſpoſition amiable and gentle as his Genius was tranſcendant. Such a view of our immortal Poet muſt

prove highly acceptable to every ſincere admirer, who will doubtleſs concur with the Editor, that nothing ſhould be loſt, ſcarce even

" One drop which fell from Shakſpeare's pen."

## *Words and Letters ſupplied that appear to have been wanting in the MS.*

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## KING LEAR.

| Page. | Line. | |
|---|---|---|
| 13, | 194, | for *godd* read *good* |
| 22, | 364, | for *ths* read *thys:* the ſame word often occurs in the MS., and appears to be an abbreviation |
| 26, | 428, | after *ſhould* read *not*, and after *have* read *been* |
| 27, | 443, | for *I* read *Aye:* this was the Author's uſual mode of writing |
| 31, | 509, | after *If* read *thou* |
| — | 520, | *n* is omitted in *Counſayle* |
| 33, | 558, | for *wits* read *with* |
| 34, | 570, | after *awaye* read *if* |
| — | 579, | for *getts* read *ſetts* |
| 36, | 604, | for *Layerre* read *Lawyerre* |
| — | 612, | *n* is omitted in *counſayld* |
| 37, | 634, | for *when* read *were* |
| — | 643, | omit *lye* |
| 40, | 682, | quere? if for *fyre* read *fye* |
| 43, | 738, | for *uſſe* read *curſe* |
| 44, | 759, | for *ouregarde* read *o'erguarde* |
| 48, | 930, | for 930 read 830 |
| — | 938, | for *mſte* read *muſte* |
| 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, and 54 of the MS. are loſt, and are here inſerted from the Quarto Edition of 1608, marked with inverted commas | | |
| 54, | 1057, | for *biſomme* read *boſomme* |
| — | 1058, | for *conſaylle* read *counſaylle* |
| — | 1063, | for *were* read *where* |
| 55, | 1083, | for *iſſe* read *iſte* |
| 56, | 1086, | after *maye* read *make* |
| 59, | 1138, | for *haſboure* read *harboure* |
| 61, | 1195, | for *looke* read *tooke* |
| 65, | 1274, | for *withinne* read *with* |
| — | 1380, | for 1380 read 1280, and ſo on |
| 69, | 1438, | for *qulytye* read *qualytye* |
| — | 1449, | for *the* read *then* |
| 70, | 1475, | for *ſhalt* read *ſhall* |
| — | 1475, | after *mye* read *curſe* |
| 71, | 1484, | after *mye* read *manne* |
| 72, | 1511, | the word in *Italics* is underſcored in the MS. |
| — | 1517, | for *ſqure* read *ſquire* |
| — | 1518, | after *foote* read *rather* |

## *Words and Letters ſupplied that appear to have been wanting in the MS.*

| Page. | Line. | |
|---|---|---|
| 74, | 1543, | for *Reg* read *Regan* |
| — | 1552, | for *ſithe* read *ſayſt* |
| — | 1556, | for *coutenaunce* read *countenaunce* |
| — | 1558, | after *gave* read *it* |
| 77, | 1611, | after *norre* read *buſh* |
| — | 1617, | after *have* read *his* |
| 81, | 1692, | a dot over the *i* in the MS., the only one that has yet occurred |
| 88, | 1827, | after *whore* read *not* |
| — | 1831, | *r* omitted in *ſerving* |
| 91, | 1888, | after *hrynge* read *you* |
| 92, | 1906, | for *thruthe* read *truthe* |
| — | 1907, | *o thys hathe* is repeated |
| 94, | 1940, | for *faherre* read *fatherre* |
| — | 1941, | for *apprehenſyonne* read *apprehenſyonne* |
| 95, | 1958, | for *wores* read *whores* |
| 96, | 1984, | for *thorowinge* read *throwinge* |
| 98, | 2023, | after *pinnyonne* read *him*, and after *like* read *a* |
| 99, | 2040, | for *quckenne* read *quickenne* |
| 100, | 2055, | *have* is repeated |
| 103, | 2113, | for *were* read *where* |
| 104, | 1140, | 1140 ſhould be 2140: this error in the numeration in the MS. is continued to page 125, where it is rectified at 2520 |
| 105, | 1164, | after *Brynge* read *me* |
| 106, | 1179, | after *ſhoud* read *like* |
| 107, | 1207, | after *goode* read *Lorde* |
| 108, | 1213, | for *threate* read *thereat* |
| — | 1221, | after *fromme* read *your ſiſter* |
| 110, | 1252, | after *Mother* read *Earth* |
| 112, | 1290, | after *muche* read *come* |
| 115, | 1335, | for *Edm* read *Edg* |
| — | 1341, | a period uſed |
| 116, | 1361, | for *fahomme* read *fathomme* |
| 118, | 1400, | after *like* read *a* |
| 119, | 1417, | after *they* read *lye* |
| 120, | 1432, | que.? ſhould not *toe* read *from* |
| — | 1437, | for *ſhalle* read *ſhould* |
| 121, | 1442, | for *were* read *where:* in ſame line, after *are* read *they* |
| 122, | 1463, | after *that* read *whore* |
| 123, | 1494, | Lear ſpeaks, but the word *Lear* is omitted |
| 126, | 2534, | after *on* read *thee* |
| — | 2544, | for *Sycke* read *pycke* |
| — | 2547, | after *about* read *me* |
| 127, | 2559, | for *remebered* read *remembered* |
| — | 2565, | after *Youre* read *Wife* |

## *Words and Letters ſupplied that appear to have been wanting in the MS.*

| Page. | Line. | |
|---|---|---|
| 128, | 2579, | after *your* read *hand* |
| 131, | 2614, | after *wakes* ſhould not it be read *now*, not *how?* |
| 132, | 2631, | after *Leare* read *Pray* |
| 133, | 2663, | for *d* read *Ed*; 2664, for *g* read *Reg*; 2666, before *Iune* read *Edm*; 2667, before *Butte* read *Reg*; 2668, before *Noe* read *Edm*; 2669, before *I* read *Reg*; 2670, before *Feare* read *Edm*; 2671, for *elle* read *Welle*; 2672, for *he* read *The*; 2673, for *home* read *Whome* |
| 134, | 2673, | for *wihe* read *withe* |
| —— | 2689, | from this line to 2695, part of the MS. is rorn off, and the following words are ſupplied from the Quarto of 1608; 2689. for *lb* read *Alb*: 2690, for *g* read *Edg*; 2692, before *Fare* read *Alb*; 2694, for *e* read *Harde*; 2695, for *e* read *Bee* |
| 138, | 2744, | for *ſhalte* read *ſhalle* |
| 139, | 2754, | for *marde* read *marke* |
| 140, | 2761, | for *boſomme* read *bloſſomme* |
| 141, | 2781, | for *dſpoſe* read *diſpoſe* |
| —— | 2785,6,7, | part of the words are loſt in the MS., and the following words ſupplied: 2785, for *mn* read *Edm*; 2786, for *lb* read *Alb*; 2787, for *eg* read *Edm* |
| —— | 2788, | *Albany* ſpeaks, but the name is not inſerted |
| 142, | 2799, | after *naught* read *leſs* |
| —— | 2811, | after *Trumpette* read *then read out this* |
| 143, | 2812, | before *Iffe* read *Herald:* and in ſame line, for *qulytye* read *qualytye* |
| | | line 2850 ſhould be 2840, but after follows 2860 |
| 146, | 2894, | after *dydde* read *hate* |
| 149, | 2964, | for *quckly* read *quicklye* |
| 152, | 3015, | for *welconne* read *welcomme* |
| —— | 3029, | for *Breathe* read *Breake* |
| 155, | 3038, | for *Freynſds* read *Freynds* |
| —— | 3048, | after *wee* read *feel* |

## HAMLET.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7, | 2316, | after *is* read *it* |
| — | 2320, | *Kylle a* is repeated. |

## *Queen Elizabeth's Letter.*

WEE didde receive youre prettye Verſes
goode Maſterre William through the hands
off oure Lorde Chambelayne ande wee doe
Complemente thee onne theyre greate excellence
Wee ſhalle departe fromme Londonne toe
Hamptowne forre the holydayes where wee
Shalle expecte thee withe thye beſte Actorres
thatte thou mayſte playe before oureſelfe toe
amuſe uſſe bee notte ſlowe butte comme toe
uſſe bye Tueſdaye nexte aſſe the lorde
Leiſceſterre wille bee withe uſſe

Elizabeth R

Thys Letterre I dydde receyve fromme
mye moſte gracyouſe Ladye Elyzabethe
ande I doe requeſte itte maye bee
kepte withe alle care poſſyble

Wm Shakſpeare

For Maſter William
Shakſpeare
atte the Globe bye
Thames

Inne the Yeare o Chryſte

FORRE oure Trouble inne goynge toe Playe before the Lorde Leyceſterre ats houſe and oure greate Expenneces thereuponne 19 poundes

Receyvedde ofs Grace the Summe o 50 Poundes

Wm Shakſpeare

FORRE oure greate Trouble inne gettynge alle inne orderre forre the Lorde Leyceſterres Comynge ande oure Moneyes layde oute there uponne 59 Shyllynges

Receyvedde o Maſterre Hemynge forre thatte Nyghte 3 Poundes

Maſterre Lowinne 2 Shyllynges moure forre hys Goode Servyces ande welle playinge

Wm. S.

*Note of Hand.*

ONE Moneth from the date hereof I doe promyſe to paye to my good and Worthye Freynd John Hemynge the ſume of five Pounds and five ſhillings Engliſh Monye as a recompenſe for hys greate trouble in ſettling and doinge much for me at the Globe Theatre as alſo for hys trouble in going downe for me to ſtatford Witneſs my Hand

Wm Shakſpere

*September*
*the Nynth* 1589

RECEIVED of Maſter Wm Shakſpeare the Sum of five Pounds and five Shillings good Engliſh Money thys Nynth Day of October 1589

Jno Hemynge

*Letter to Anna Hatherrewaye*

*Dearefſte Anna*

AS thou haſte alwaye founde mee toe mye Worde moſte trewe ſoe thou ſhalt ſee I have ſtryctlye kepte mye promyſe I praye you perfume thys mye poore Locke withe thye balmye Eyſſes forre thenne indeede ſhalle Kynges themmeſelves bowe ande paye homage toe itte I doe aſſure thee no rude hande hathe knottedde itte thye Willys alone hathe done the worke Neytherre the gyldedde bawble thatte envyronnes the heade of Majeſtye noe norre honourres moſte weyghtye wulde give mee halfe the joye as didde thyſſe mye lyttle worke forre thee The feelinge thatte dydde neareſte approache untoe itte was thatte whiche commethe nygheſte untoe God meeke ande Gentle Charytye forre thatte Virrtue O Anna doe I love doe I cheryſhe thee inne mye hearte forre thou arte aſs a talle Cedarre ſtretchynge forthe its branchês ande ſuccourynge ſmaller Plants fromme nyppynge Winneterre orr the boyſterouſe Wyndes Farewelle toe Morrowe bye tymes I wille ſee thee tille thenne Adewe ſweete Love Thyne everre

Wm Shakſpeare

Anna Hatherrewaye

## *Verſes to Anna Hatherreweye*

1

IS there inne heavenne aught more rare
Thanne thou ſweete Nymphe of Avon fayre
Is there onne Earthe a Manne more trewe
Thanne Willy Shakſpeare is toe you

2

Though fyckle fortune prove unkynde
Stille dothe ſhe leave herre wealthe behynde
She neere the hearte canne forme anew
Norre make thye Willys love unnetrue

3

Though Age withe witherd hand doe ſtryke
The forme moſte fayre the face moſte bryghte
Stille dothe ſhe leave unnetouchedde ande trewe
Thy Willys love ande freynſhyppe too

4

Though deathe with neverre faylynge blowe
Dothe Manne ande babe alyke brynge lowe
Yette doth he take naughte butte hys due
Ande ſtrikes notte Willys hearte ſtille trewe

5

Synce thenne norre forretune deathe norre Age
Canne faythfulle Willys love aſſwage
Thenne doe I live ande dye forre you
Thy Willye ſyncere ande moſte trewe

*Copye of mye Letter toe hys grace offe Southampton*

*Mye Lorde*

DOE notte eſteeme me a ſluggarde nor tardye for thus havynge delayed to anſwerre or rather toe thank you for youre greate Bountye I doe aſſure you my graciouſe ande good Lorde that thryce I have eſſayed toe wryte and thryce mye efforts have benne fruitleſſe I knowe notte what toe ſaye Proſe Verſe alle all is naughte gratitude is alle I have toe utter and that is tooe greate ande tooe ſublyme a feeling for poore mortalls toe expreſſe O my Lord itte is a Budde which Blloſſommes Bllooms butte never dyes itte cheriſhes ſweete Nature ande lulls the calme Breaſte toe ſofte ſofte repoſe Butte mye goode Lorde forgive thys mye departure fromme mye Subjecte which was toe retturne thankes and thankes I Doe retturne O excuſe mee mye Lorde more at preſente I cannotte

Yours devotedlye and withe due
reſpecte

Wm Shakſpeare

*The Earl of Southampton's Anſwer.*

*Deare Willam*

I CANNOTTE doe leſſe than thanke you forre youre kynde Letterre butte Whye deareſt Freynd talke ſoe muche offe gratitude mye offerre was double the Somme butte you woulde accepte butte the halfe thereforre you neede notte ſpeake ſoe muche onn thatte Subjectte as I have beene thye Freynd ſoe will I continue aughte thatte I canne doe forre thee praye commande mee ande you ſhalle fynde mee

Yours

*Julye the* 4

Southampton

To the Globe Theatre
Forre Maſtr Willam
Shakſpeare

I BEYNGE nowe offe ſounde Mynde doe hope thatte thys mye wyſhe wille atte mye deathe bee acceeded toe as I nowe lyve in Londonne ande as mye ſoule maye perchance ſoone quitte thys poore Bodye it is mye deſirè thatte inne ſuche caſe I maye bee carryed to mye native place ande thatte mye Bodye bee there quietlye interred wythe as little pompe as canne bee ande I doe nowe inne theeſe mye ſeyriouſe Moments make thys mye profeſſione of fayth and whiche I doe möſte ſolemnlye believe I doe fyrſte looke toe oune lovynge and greate God ande toe hys glorioufe ſonne Jeſus I doe alſoe beleyve thatte thys mye weake ande frayle Bodye wille retturne toe duſte butte forre mye ſoule lette God judge thatte as toe hymſſelfe ſhalle ſeeme meete O omnipotente ande greate God I am fulle offe Synne I doe notte thynke myſelfe worthye offe thye grace ande yette wille I hope forre evene the poore pryſonerre whenne bounde with gallyng Irons evenne hee wille hope for Pittye ande whenne the teares offe ſweete repentance bathe hys wretched pillowe he then looks ande hopes forre pardonne thenne rouze mye Soule ande lette hope thatte ſweete cheriſher offe alle afforde thee comforte alſoe O Manne whatte arte thou whye conſidereſte thou thyſelfe thus greatelye where are thye greate thye boaſted attrybutes buryed loſte forre everre inne colde Deathe. O Manne whye attempteſt

thou toe ſearche the greateneſſe offe the Almyghtye thou doſte butte looſe thye labourre more thou attempteſte more arte thou loſte tille thye poore weake thoughtes arre elevated toe theyre ſummite ande thence as ſnowe fromme the leffee Tree droppe ande diſſtylle themſelves tille theye are noe more O God Manne as I am frayle bye Nature fulle offe Synne yette greate God receyve me toe thye boſomme where alle is ſweete contente ande happyneſſe alle is blyſſe where diſcontente iſſe neverre hearde butte where oune Bonde offe freynd-ſhippe unytes alle Menne Forgive O Lorde alle oure ſynnes ande withe thye grete Goodneſſe take uſſe alle to thye Breaſte O cheriſhe uſſe like the ſweete Chickenne thatte under the coverte offe herre ſpreadynge Wings Receyves herre lyttle Broode ande hoveringe oerre themme keepes themme harmleſſe ande in ſafetye

Wᵐ Shakſpeare

*Letter to Richard Cowley.*

*Worthye Freynde*

HAVYNGE alwaye accountedde thee a Pleaſaynte ande wittye Perſonne ande oune whoſe Companye I doe muche eſteeme I have ſente thee incloſedde a whymſycalle conceyte whiche I doe ſuppoſe thou wilt eaſylye diſcoverre butte ſhoudſt thou notte whye thenne I ſhalle ſette thee onne mye table offe *loggerre heades*

Youre trewe Freynde

*Marche*
*nynthe*

Wᵐ Shakſpeare

Toe Maſterre Richard Cowleye
dwellynge atte oune Maſterre
Holliſs a draperre inne
the Wattlynge Streete
Londonne

I WILLIAM Shakspeare of Statford on Avon butt nowe livyng in London neare untoe a Yard calledd or knowne bye the name of Irelands yarde in the Blackfryars London nowe beyng att thys preaſaunte tyme of ſounde Mynde ande enjoyinge healthe of bodye doe make ande ordeyne thys as ande for mye deede of Gyfte for inn as as muche as life is mouſte precyouſe toe alle menne ſoe ſhoulde bee thatte perſonne who att the peryle of hys owne ſhalle ſave thatte of a fellowe Createure Bearyng thys inn Mynde ande havyng beene ſoe ſavedde myeſelfe I didd withe myne owne hande fyrſte wryte on Papere the conntennts hereof butte for the moure ſecurytye ande thatte noe dyſpute whatever myghte happenne afterre mye deathe I have nowe cauſedd the ſame toe bee written onn Parchemente and have heretoe duly ſett and affyxedd mye hande and Seale Whereas onne or abowte the thyrde daye of the laſte monethe beyng the monethe of Auguſte havynge withe mye goode freynde Maſterre William Henrye Irelande ande otherres taene boate neare untowe myne houſe afowreſayde wee dydd purpoſe goynge upp Thames butte thoſe thatte were ſoe toe conndućte us beynge muche toe merrye throughe Lyquorre theye didd upſette oure fowreſayde bayrge alle butte myeſelfe ſavedd themſelves bye ſwimmyng

for though the Waterre was deepe yette owre beynge cloſe nygh toe ſhore made itte lyttel dyffyculte for themm knowinge the fowreſayde Arte Maſterre William henrye Irelande notte ſeeynge mee dydd aſke for mee butte oune of the Companye dydd anſwerre thatte I was drownynge onn the whyche he pulledd off hys Jerrekynne and Jumpedd inn afterre mee withe muche paynes he draggedd mee forthe I beynge then nearelye deade and ſoe he dydd ſave mye life and for the whyche Service I doe herebye give hym as folowithe!!! fyrſte mye writtenn Playe of Henrye fowrthe Henrye fyfthe Kyng John Kyng Leare as allſoe mye written Playe neverr yett impryntedd whych I have named Kyng henrye thyrde of Englande alle the profytts of the whych are whollye toe bee for ſayde Ireland ande atte hys deathe thenne toe hys fyrſte Sonne namedd alſoe William henrye ande atte hys deathe toe hys brother ande ſoe onne butte inn case of faylure of Iſſue thenne toe the nexte of kynn ande ſoe on for everre inn hys lyne Ande I doe alſoe give untoe ſayde Ireland the Sum of ten Pounds as a preeſaunte oute of the whyche I doe require hym toe buye oune Rynge as a Remembraunce In Witneſſe whereof I have toe thys mye deede of Guyfte ſette mye hand and Seale in the preaſaunce of the twoe Witneſſes whoſe Names

are alſoe affyxedd toe the backe hereof thys fyve ande twentyethe daye of Octoberre beynge in the Yeare of oure Lorde one thouſande ſix hundrethe ande foure ande in the ſeconde Yeare of oure Soveraygne Lorde Kynge James 1604

*William Shakſpeare*

(L. S.)

Sealed and delyveredd in
the preſaunce of us

Jo: Edwards
Jos: Byggett

Deede of guyftte from Shakſpeare
toe Irelaunde

2 James

*Tributary Lines to Ireland.*

GIVENNE toe mye mouſte worthye
ande excellaunte Freynde Maſterre
William Henrye Irelande inne
Remembraunce of hys havynge
Savedde mye life whenne onne
Thames

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

Inne life wee
wille live togetherre
Deathe
ſhalle forre a lytelle
parte uſſe butte
Shakſpeares Soule reſteleſſe
inne the Grave ſhalle uppe
Agayne ande meete hys freynde hys

IRELAND

Inne the Bleſte Courte of Heavenne

O Modelle of Virretue Charytyes ſweeteſte
Chylde thye Shakſpeare thanks thee
Norre Verſe norre Sygh norre Teare canne
paynte mye Soule norre ſaye bye
halfe howe muche I love thee

Thyne
Wᴹ SHAKSPEARE

Keepe thys forre mee ande ſhoude the Worlde
prove ſowerre rememberre oune lives thatte loves
the ſtylle

## *Agreement with John Lowine*

ARTICLES of Agreemente Indented made and Agreed upon the ſeaventh day of November in the Yeare of the reigne of our ſoveraigne Lord James by the grace of God King of Englande Scotlande Fraunce and Irelande defendo$^{r}$ of the faythe &c Viz. of England Fraunce and Ireland the ſixth And of Scotlande the two and fortieth **Betwene** John Lowine of London Gen$^{t}$ of the one pte and William Shakſpeare late of Stratford on Avon in the Co$^{y}$. of Warwicke Gen$^{t}$. butte who is nowe reſydynge in London of the other pte **Witneſſeth** that the s$^{d}$. Jn$^{o}$. Lowine in conſideration of the covenaunts and agreements herein after contayned doth bind hymſelfe to and with the ſayd W$^{m}$ Shakſpeare for the ſpace or term of four Yeares to playe upon the Stage for the s$^{d}$. W$^{m}$. Shakſpeare as well thoſe Comedyes and Tragedyes which he has alreadye produced as thoſe whiche he may at anye tyme hereafter brynge forward ande likewiſe any other Playes which he the ſaide W$^{m}$. Shakſpeare maye at anye tyme cauſe to be played not written or compoſd bye hymſelfe but whiche are the Writyngs or compoſityons of others Ande the s$^{d}$. W$^{m}$. Shakſpeare his Ex$^{s}$. Ads$^{s}$. Aſſigns doth herebye covenaunte ande agree to and with the s$^{d}$. Jn$^{o}$. Lowine thatte he the s$^{d}$. W$^{m}$. Shakſpeare will paye untoe hym y$^{e}$ ſayd Jn$^{o}$. Lowine the ſumme of oune Pounde ande ten Shillings per Week forre hys

the s^d^. Jn^o^. Lowines ſervices before ment^d^. Butte it is herebye agreed thatte in caſe of Sickneſſe or anye other Impedymente thatte maye at anye tyme hereafter happenne thatte thenne the s^d^. Jn^o^. Lowine ſhall notte be called upone to playe as aforeſayd butte ſhalle more over receive the ſayd Salarye **And Lastlye** itte is herebye agreed betweene them thatte in caſe the s^d^. Jn^o^. Lowine ſhoulde at anye tyme breake anye of the Covenaunts herein before agreed uponne thenne thatte he the s^d^. Jn^o^. Lowine ſhalle paye untoe the s^d^. W^m^. Shakſpeare the ſumme of oune hundred Pounds and the s^d^. W^m^. Shakſpeare doth Covenaunte ande declare to and with the s^d^. Jn^o^. Lowine to keepe alle the Covenaunts hereinbefore agreed upon ande dothe alſoe promiſe toe paye untoe the ſayde Jn^o^. Lowine the s^d^. Summe everye Saturdaye duringe the s^d^. Terme before twelve offe the Clocke at Nighte **In Witneſſe** whereof the s^d^. ptyes toe theſe preſants there handes and Seales have interchangeablye ſette the daye and Yeare firſte above writtenne

*Willam Shakſpeare* (L. S.)

*Jn^o^. Lowine* (L. S.)

Sealed ande delyvered in the preſence of

R^o^: Willington
Alex: Amcotte

7^th^ Nov: 6^th^ Jam.

ARTICLES of agreement Indented and agreed upon this twentieth day of Maye in the Yeare of the Raigne of oure Soveraigne Lorde James by the grace of God Kinge of Englande Scotlande Fraunce and Irelande defend^r. of fayth &c Viz^t. of Englande Fraunce and Irelande the eyghth and of Scotlande the five ande fortyeth **Betweene** Henrye Condelle of Londonne Gen^t. of thone p^te. and W^m. Shakespeare late of Stratford on Avon in the Co^y. of Warwicke Gen^t: butte nowe livinge in Londonne of tother pte **Witnesseth** that the s^d. H^y. Condelle in Consideration of the Covenaunts and agreements herein after conteyned doth bynde hymselfe to and with the s_d. W^m. Shakespeare for the further space or terme of three yeares to play upon the Stage for the s_d. W^m. Shakspeare alle Comedyes ande tragedyes whiche he the s^d. W^m. Shakspeare may at any tyme during the s^d. terme cause to be played not written or composed by hymselfe butte are the Writings or Compositions of others Ande the s^d. W^m. Shakespeare hys Executors Administrators ande Assigns doth herebye covenaunte ande agree to ande withe the sayd Henrye Condelle thatte he the sayd William Shakespeare wille paye untoe hym the sayd Henrye Condelle the Summe of oune Pounde and oune Shillynge per Weeke for hys the sayd Henrye Condelles Services before mentyoned **But** it is

herebye agreed thatte in caſe of Sickneſſe or any other Impedymente thatte maye happenne thatte thenne the ſayde Henrye Condelle ſhalle notte be called upon to playe as aforeſayd butte ſhalle notwithſtandynge receyve the ſayd Salarye And Laſtlye it is herebye agreed betweene them thatte in caſe y^e. s^d. H^y. Condelle ſhoulde at any tyme breake anye of the Covenaunts hereinbefore agreed upon then thatte he ſhalle paye untoe the s^d. W^m. Shakeſpeare the ſumme of oune hundred Poundes and the ſayd W^m. Shakſpeare for hymſelfe hys Ex^s: Ad^s: and aſſigns doth covenaunt promiſe ande agree to keepe all the Covenaunts hereinbefore agreed upon ande doth alſoe promiſe to paye hym the ſayd H^y. Condelle the ſayd ſumme every Saturdaye durynge the ſayd terme before twelve of the Clocke at Nyghte In Witneſſe whereof the ſayd pts to theſe Preſents have Interchangeablye ſett theyre hands & Seals the daye & Yeare firſt above Writtenne

*William Shakſpeare* (L.S.)

*H^y. Condelle* (L.S.)

Sealed and delyvered in the Preſence of

Jn^o. Bruce

Jn^o. Slye

20^th. Maye 9^th: Jam^s:

*Leaſe to Mich*l*. Fraſer and Eliz*th*. his Wife.*

THIS Indenture made the fourteenth daye of July in the yeares of the raigne of our Soveraigne Lord James by the grace of God of England Scotland France and Ireland Kinge Defendor of the fayth vizt. of England France and Ireland the eight and of Scotland the forty forth Betweene Willam Shakeſpeare of Stratford on Avon in the County of Warwick Gent but now reſidynge in London and John Hemynge of London Gent of thone Pte and Michael Fraſer and Elizabeth hys Wife of the othere Pte Wittneſſeth that they the ſaid Willam Shakeſpeare and John Hemynge have demiſed leaſed graunted and to ferme letten and by theſe preſents do demiſe grant and to ferme lett unto the ſaid Michl. Fraſer and Elizabeth hys Wife all thoſe his two Meſſuages or tenements abutting cloſe to the Globe theatre by Black Fryers London ſometyme in the tenure or occupation of Henry Holland Gent and late of John Gregory Gent or his aſſignee or Aſſignees And alſo all thoſe two Gardens on the North ſide of the ſame which appertayne or belong thereto and which conteyne ſix Acres and an half be they more or leſs And all and ſingular Cellars Sollars Lights Eaſements Homes Profits Commodityes and appurtenaunts whatſoever to the ſaid dwelling houſes or tenements belonging or in any wiſe appertyning To have And to hold the ſaid dwel-

ling houſes tenements and all and ſingular other the premiſes in theſe preſents before ment^d. to be demiſed and part and parcel thereof with their appurt^s unto the ſaid Mich^l Fraſer and Elizabeth hys Wife their Ex^s. Adm^s. and Aſſigns from the Feaſt day of Saint Michael the Archangel which will next come after the date hereof unto and for the ende and terme of ſixty foure yeares from thence next enſuing & fullie to be compleate and ended without impeachm^t. of waſte **Yielding** and **paying** therefore Yrly and every Year during the ſaid term unto the ſaid Willam Shakeſpeare & John Hemynge the ſum of forty and foure Pounds of good Money of Englande to be payd half yrly the next payment to commence on the Feaſt day next following the date of theis Preſents. Provided always that if the s^d. Mich^l. Fraſer and Eliz^th. hys Wife theyr Ex^s. Ad^s. or Aſſigns or any of them do well and truly perform and Keep all & ſingular the s^d. covenaunts hereinbefore agreed upon that then it ſhall and may be lawfull to and for the s^d. M^l. Fraſer and Eliz^th. hys Wife to enter into and enjoy the ſame but in caſe of non performance or non paym^t. of the ſame that then it ſhall be lawfulle to & for the s^d. Willam Shakeſpeare and John Hemynge again to have & enjoy the ſame **But** for the better performance of y^e cov^ts. & agreem^ts. herein Conteyned he the s^d. Mic^l. Fraſer & Eliz^th.

hys wife do bind themſelves hymſelf & herſelf in the ſum of 200^l. in caſe of neglect or default of any of the agreements herein before conteyned And the s^d. W^m. Shakeſpeare & John Hemynge for themſelves theyr H^s. Ex^s. Ad^s. & Aſſigns ſhall & will clearlye exonerate & diſcharge from tyme to tyme the s^d. M^l. Fraſer & Eliz^th. hys wife from the Paym^t. of ſuch Rent & well & ſufficientlye keep harmleſs the s^d. M^l. Fraſer & Eliz^th. hys wife theyr Ex^s. Ad^s. & Aſſigns & every of them of & from all incumbres whatſoever by them the s^d. W^m. Shakeſpeare & Jn^o. Hemynge at any tyme before committed or done except the fee or fees to the cheef Lord of the Premes for or in reſpecte of his Segnorye onlie to be due & done In wittneſſe whereof the s^d. Ptes to theſe Indres Interchangeablie have ſett their hands & Seales the daye & yeare firſt above Written: Anno-Dom (1610)

*William Shakſpeare* (L.S.)

*Mic^l. Fraſer* (L.S.)

Jo: Meer
W^m. Danee

14^th July. 8 Jam^s.

I WILLIAM Shakſpeare being of Stratforde on Avon but now living in Londonn doe make and orderr this as and for mye Deede of gifte **Having** founde muche wickedneſs amongſte thoſe of the lawe and not liking to leave matterrs at theyre wills I have herein named a truſty and tried friende who ſhall afterr mye dethe execute withe care myne orderrs herein given **But** in caſe I ſhoulde att any tyme hereafterr make a **Will** as perrchaunce I ſhall in manner of forme I have lefte ſome things nott herein given or diſpoſedd of thatt maye ſerve toe fylle upp ſaid **Will** and therebye cauſe no hyndraunce in the Executyonn of thys mye deede of gifte **But** ſho[d]. I nott chaunce make a will thenn I doe give all ſuche thyngs afs[d]. nott herein ment[d]. unto mye lovynge Daughterr and herr heyres for everr—Firſte untoe mye deare Wife I doe orderr as folowithe thatt ſhe bee payde withinne oune monthe afterre mye dethe the ſomme of oune hondrythe and fowre ſcore Pounds fromm the moneys whyche be nowe laynge onn Accompte of the Globe Theatre inn the hands of Maſter John Hemynge **Alſoe** I doe give herr mye ſuyte of greye Vellvett edged withe Silverr tog[r] withe mye lyttelle Cedarr Trunke in wyche there bee three Rynges oune lyttell payntyng of myſelfe in a ſilverr Caſe & ſevenn letterrs wrottenn to her before oure Marryage theſe I doe beg herr toe keepe ſafe if everr

ſhe dydd love me—Toe mye deare Daughterr who hathe alwaye demeaned herrſelfe well I doe give as folowithe the ſomme of twentye Pounds and ſevenne ſhyllyngs thys muſte bee payde herr withinne two Months afterr mye dethe & for rayſyng s^d^. ſumme of 20^l^. & ſevenne ſhyllyngs I doe herebye orderr Maſterr hemynge toe ſell mye ſhare of the two houſes neare the Globe butt ſho^d^. thatt nott bee enough thenne I doe orderr him toe make itt upp oute of the Moneys inn hys hands onne Accompte of the Theatre— I doe allſo give herr mye ſuyte of blacke ſilke & the Rynge whyche I doe alwaye weare givenne toe mee bye hys Grace of Southampton thys I doe beg herr as ſhe dothe love mee neverr toe parte fromm Toe mye good Cowleye whom I muche eſteeme & who hathe alwaye loved mee I doe orderr as folowithe thatt Maſterr Hemynge doe paye toe hym the ſomme of five Pounds & thatt he doo alſoe delyverr toe hymm fromm the Oakenn Cheſte att oure Globe Theatre mye Playes hereafterr ment^d^. Mye Tempeſte Mye Mydſomerrs dreme. Mackbethe. Henrye viii & mye altered Playe of Titus Andronicus all written bye myeſelfe & placed inn s^d^. Cheſte as of uſuage att oure Theatre & ſho^d^. they bee everr agayne Impryntedd I doe orderr thatt theye bee ſoe donn from theſe mye true writtenn Playes & nott from thoſe nowe prynted all the profytts comynge

from ſuche newe pryntyng theſe 5 are wholly toe belonge toe Cowleye and hys hrs for everre. Toe Maſterr Lowinne oure beſte Actorr I doe orderr as folowithe y^e^. lyke ſomm of 5^l^. to be p^d^. bye Hemynge & thatt hee delyverr toe hymm the Playes thatt doe followe Mye moche adoe aboute noethynge The Wives of Windſore. Rycharde y^e^ 3^d^. as allſo mye Coryolanus All theſe 4 I doe give inn ſame manner & withe ſame powerrs as to Cowleye. Toe Maſterr Conndell who hathe done me manye ſerrvices I doe orderr as folowithe thatt hee bee allſo p^d^. y^e^ ſomm of 5^l^. & thatt hee bee forrgivenn y^e^ debte of 3^l^. & 9 ſhyllyngs thatt hee dothe owe toe mee & thatt he Rememberr mee afterr mye dethe I doe herebye orderr hymm a plaine Golde Rynge of y^e^ worthe of 20 ſhyllyngs Toe mye good Kempe I doe give 3^l^. & a gold Rynge itt muſte bee lyke Value 20^s^. Toe Maſterr Burbage I give as folowithe from the Cheſte afs^d^. mye 2 Playes of Cymbelyne & Othello together withe mye choſe Interrlude neverr yette Impryntedd & wrottenn for & bye deſyre of oure late gracyowſe & belovedd Quene Eliſabethe called y^e^ Virginn Quene & playde 3 tymes before herreſelfe att the Revells y^e^ profytts fromm pryntyng ſame toe bee whollye for s^d^. Burbage & hys hrs ſhoulde hee thynke fyttenne ſoe toe doe. Toe mye pleaſaunte & wittye Maſterr Armynne I doe give y^e^ ſomm

of 5$^{l}$. toe bee p$^{d}$. toe hymmé bye mye Maſterr Hemynge Toe Maſterr Shancke I dòe give 37 ſhyllyngs as allſoe a Rynge Value 18 ſhyllyngs itt muſte allſoe bee of Golde. Toe Maſterr Ryce I doe give 49 ſhyllyngs as allſoe mye greene ſloppd Suyte of Vellvette. Toe Maſter Greggs inn y$^{e}$ Borowgh I doe give y$^{e}$ ſomm of 3$^{l}$. as allſoe mye two Clothe ſuytes whyche bee nowe inn hys howſe. Toe hys little ſonne namedd Jonas Greggs I doe give 15 ſhyllyngs for y$^{e}$ troble he hathe hadd inn goynge often tymes withe letterrs toe y$^{e}$ Globe All theſe ſomms toe bee p$^{d}$. bye John Hemynge withinne 3 Moneths afterr mye dethe And laſtlye toe mye freynde John Hemynge who hathe y$^{e}$ manygyng all mye matterrs att y$^{e}$ Globe & toe whoſe truſte I give thys mye deede of Guyfte truſtyng hee will ſee itt faythfullye executed & performe evry thynge accordynge toe mye deſyres payinge evry ſomm herein ment$^{d}$. att y$^{e}$. ſev$^{l}$. tymes & toe y$^{e}$ ſev$^{l}$. Perrſons herein namedd Secondlye thatt hee doe give upp y$^{e}$ ſev$^{l}$. Playes wrytten bye myeſelfe & whiche I have herein diſpoſed of Allſoe thatt hee doe ſee y$^{e}$ ſev$^{l}$. Ryngs ſuytes & evry otherr thynge givenn accordyng toe mye wiſhe. And as a Recompence forr y$^{e}$ troble hee will have in ſeeynge thys mye deede ryghtlye executedd I doe herebye orderr thatt hee doe take for hymſelf y$^{e}$ ſomm of 10$^{l}$. & 20 ſhyllyngs toe buye hymm

a Golde Rynge I allſoe give hymm oute of ſd. Cheſtt ye Playes folowg. Mye Gentlemenn of Verona alterrd mye Meaſure for Meaſure Comedye of Errorrs Merrchaunte of Venice Togetherr withe mye newe Playe neverr yette imprynted called Kynge Hy. vii theſe toe bee whollye for ſd. J. Hemynge And as there wille ſtille remayne in hys hands 287l. & 14 ſhyllyngs I furtherr orderr hym toe brynge upp thatt Chylde of whom wee have ſpokenn butt who muſte nott be named here & to doe ſame I deſyre hym toe place owte ſd. Moneye in ye beſte waye he cann doe tylle ſd. Child ſhall be of Age fyttenn toe receyve ſd. Moneye & withe whatte ſhall comm uppon ſd. Moneye ſoe toe Inſtructe hym as aforeſayde I allſo orderr Maſterr Hemynge toe ſelle mye three howſes inn ye Borowghe & toe putt oute ye. Moneye comynge from ſame forr ſd. Childe I allſoe give toe ſd. Chylde ye eyghte Playes thatt bee ſtylle inne ſd. Cheſte as allſo mye otherr Playe neverr yett Impryntedd called Kynge Vorrtygerne thys as allſo ye otherr eyghte toe bee whollye forr ye benyfytte of ſd. Chylde as welle ye pryntynge as playinge ſame and ſhoulde I chaunce write more as bye Gods helpe & grace I hope toe doe I herebye give ye Profytts of evry Kynde comynge fromm anye ſuche newe playes orr otherr Wrytyngs unntoe ſd. Chylde & hys heires forr everre truſtynge toe mye freynde

*Deed of Truſt to John Hemynge.*

John Hemynges honorr and allſo onn hys promys of beynge clouſe of ſpeeche inn thys laſte Matterr I have toe thys mye deede of gifte dulye ſette mye hande & ſeale in the preſaunce of three Witneſſes this 23d. daye of februarye beynge the nynthe Yere of oure ſoveraygne Lord Kynge James & in ye Yere of Chriſte 1611

*By me William Shakſpeare*
(L. S.)

Signed Sealed & delyvered
in ye preſaunce of us

Wm. Fenere
Saml. Jordon
Wm. Leiche

Deede of Guyfte fromm
Shakeſpeare toe otherrs
9 James
1611

# TRAGEDYE

OF

# KYNGE LEARE

Iſse fromme Maſterre Hollinneſhedde I have
inne ſomme lyttle deparretedde fromme
hymme butte thatte Libbertye will notte
I truſte be blamedde bye mye gentle
Readerres

Wᵐ Shakſpeare

# KYNGE LEARE.

*Enterre Kent Gloſter ande Edmunde*

*Kent* I thoughte oure Kinge had more affectedde the
Duke of Albanye thanne Cornwalle
*Glo* So didde itte everre ſeeme to uſe Butte nowe
inne the divyſyonne of the Kyngdomme itte appeares notte
which of theſe Dukes he Values moſte forre Qualytyes
are ſoe weyghd thatte curyoſytye inne neytherre
canne make choyce of thothers Moietye
*Kent* Is notte thys youre Sonne Mye Lorde
*Glo* Hys bryngyng uppe Sir hathe layd atte mye Charge
I have ſoe oftenne bluſhd toe acknowlegdge hymme thatte
Nowe I am brayzd tot
*Kent* I doe notte conceyve you
*Glo* Goode Sir thys younge fellows Motherre could uponne
the whyche ſhe became rounde wombd ande hadde

indeede Sir a Sonne forre herre cradle eere ſhe
had a huſbande forre herre Bedde Doe you nowe
ſmelle the faulte

*Kent* I nere canne wiſhe the faulte undonne Its Iſſue

beynge thuſse properre

*Glo* Butte I have * a Sonne Sir bye orderre of Lawe olderre

bye Yeares thanne thys who is no dearer inne mye Accounte

though thys Knave came ſomewhatte ſawcylye intoe the

World eere he was ſente forre yette was hys Motherre

fayre there was excellente ſporte atte hys makynge
Ande the Whoreſonne muſte bee acknowleggedde Knowe you

thys Nobleman Edmonne

*Edm* Noe mye goode Lorde

*Glo* Mye Lorde of Kente

Ande Rememberre hym hereafterre as my honourable Freynde

*Edm* Mye dutye toe youre Lordſhyppe

*Kent* I muſte love you ande knowe toe ſue you betterre

*Edm* Sir I ſhalle ſtudye deſervynge

* *a* is omitted in the MS.

*Glo* He hathe beene abſente nyne Yeares ande agayne he
Shalle hye hymme The Kynge iſse comynge

*Enterre Kynge Cornwalle Albanye Goneriſſe Reganne Cordelia ande Attendaunts*

*Leare* Attende the Lordes of Fraunce and Burgannedye
*Glo* I ſhalle mye Lorde *Gloſterre Exitte*
*Leare* Meane tyme wee ſhalle make knowne oure darkerre Purpoſe
Give mee the Mappe here Knowe thatte wee have parcelledde
Intoe three oure Kyngdomme Ande tis oure fixt Intente
Toe ſhake alle Cares ande Buſyneſse fromme oure Age
Diſpoſynge themme onne Youngerre Strengthes while wee
Unburthennd crawle towarde Deathe Oure Sonne of Cornwalle
Ande you oure noe leſse lovynge Sonne of Albanye
Thys houre we ſhalle our conſtante Will make knowne
Oure Daughterrs ſeveralle dowerres thatte future Strife

Maye bee prevennetedde nowe The Prynce of Fraunce ande Burgandye
Greate Ryvalles inne oure Youngerre Daughterres love
Long inne oure Courte have made theyre amorouſe ſojourne
And ſhalle ſtreyghte be anſweredde Telle me mye Daughterres
Synce wee ſhalle nowe diveſte uſe both of Rule
Cares of State ande Intereſte of Terrytorye
The whiche of you thenne dothe love uſe moſte
Thatte wee oure greateſte bounty maye extende
Where nature doth withe meritte Challenge
Oure eldeſte borne ſpeake fyrſte
*Gon* Sir I love you more thanne Word canne wielde the Matter
Dearere thanne eye Syghte ſpace ande Libertye
Beyonde whatte canne bee valuedde riche or rare
Noe leſse thanne life withe beautye healthe grace honoure
As muche as Childe eere lovd or Fatherre founde
A love thatte makes breathe poore ande Speeche unable
Naye beyond alle things of ſo muche I love you
*Cor* Whatte muſte Cordelia ſaye Love ande be ſilente
*Leare* Of alle theſe boundes fromme thys lyne evenne toe thys

With ſhadowaye Foreſtes and withe Champyonnes rich
Withe plenneteouſe Riverres ande wide ſkirtedde Meades
Wee make thee Ladye To thyne ande Albanys Iſſues
Bee thys perpetualle Whatte ſayes oure ſeconde Daughterre
Our deareſte Reganne Wife of Cornwalle
*Reg* I am made of thatte ſelfe Metalle as mye Syſtterre
Ande prize mee atte herre worthe In mye true hearte
I fynde ſhe Names mye verye deede of Love
Onlye ſhe comes too ſhorte thatte I profeſſe
Myeselfe an Enemye toe alle otherre joyes
Whiche the moſte precyouſe ſquare of Senſe profeſſeſse
Ande fynde I am alone felyſytate
Inne youre dear hyghneſse love
*Cor* Thenne poore Cordelya
Ande yette notte ſoe ſynce I amme ſure mye loves
More ponnderouſe thanne mye tongue
*Leare* Toe thee ande thyne heredytarye everre
Bee thys ample thirde of oure Kyngdomme
Noe leſe inne ſpace valydytye ande Pleaſure
Thanne thatte confeerd onne Gonerylle Nowe oure Joye
Allthough oure laſte ande leaſte toe whoſe younge love

The vines of Fraunce ande Milke of Burgannedye
Strive toe bee Intereſte nowe Whatte doe you ſaye toe drawe
A thirde more opulente thanne youre Syſterres ſpeake
*Cor* Nothynge mye Lorde
*Leare* Nothynge
*Cor* Noe Noethynge
*Leare* Noethynge wille come of noethynge ſpeake agayne
*Cor* Unhappe thatte I amme I cannotte have
Mye hearte intoe mye Mouthe I love your Majeſtye
Accordynge toe mye bonde noe more norre leſſe
*Leare* How nowe Cordelya Looke you mende your Speeche a lyttle
Leaſte you marre youre Fortunes
*Cor* Goode mye Lorde
You dydde begette mee you bredde mee ande lovd mee
I retturne thoſe dutyes backe aſs are ryghte fitte
Obeye you love you and moſte honourre you
Whye have mye Siſterres huſbanndes iffe theye ſaye
Theye love you alle Happylye whenne I ſhalle wedde
Thatte Lorde whoſe hand muſte take mye plyghte ſhalle carrye
Halfe mye love with hymme halfe mye Care ande Dutye

Sure I ſhalle neverre marrye lyke mye Syſterres
*Leare* Butte goes thye hearte with thyſse
*Cor* Aye mye goode Lorde
*Leare* Whatte ſoe younge ande ſo unnetennederre
*Cor* Soe Younge mye Lorde ande true
*Leare* Lette itte bee ſoe thye truth thenne bee thye dowerre
Forre bye the ſacredde raydyaunce of the Sunne
The myſtyryes of Hecate ande the Nyghte
Bye alle the Operatyonnes of the Orbs
Fromme whome wee doe exiſte ande ceaſe toe bee
Here I diſclayme alle mye Paternalle care
Propinnequitye ande Propertye of bloode
Ande aſse a Straungerre toe mye hearte ande mee
Hold thee fromme uſs forre everre The Barbarouſe Seythyanne
Or hee thatte makes hys generatyonne Meſses
Toe gorge hys Appetyte ſhalle toe mye boſomme
Bee as welle neyghbourde Pyityedde ande releyvd
As thou mye ſometyme Daughterre
*Kente* Goode mye Leiyge
*Leare* Peace Kente
Come notte betweene the Dragonne and hys wrathe
I lovd herre mouſte ande thoughte toe ſette mye reſte
Onne herre kynde nurſerye hence ande avoyde mye ſyghte
Soe bee mye Grave mye Peace as here I give

Her Fatherres hearte fromme herre call Fraúnce who ſtyrres
Call burgannedye Cornewalle ande Albanye
Withe mye twoe Daughterres dowerres dygeſte the thyrde
Lette Pride whiche ſhe calls playneneſſe marrye herre
I doe inveſte you joyntelye with mye Powerre
Domynyonne Ande alle the large Effects
Thatte troope withe Majeſtye Ourſelfe bye Monthlye courſe
Withe reſerrevaytyonne of an hundredde Knyghtes
bye you toe bee ſuſtaynd ſhalle oure abode
Make wythe you bye due turne onlye wee ſhalle retayne
The Nayme ande alle the addytyonne toe a Kynge the Swaye
Revennue Executyonne of the reſte
Belovedde Sownes bee youres whyche toe conne-fyrme
Thyſse Coronette parte betweene you
*Kent* Royal Syre
Whom I have everre honourde as a Kynge
Lovd as mye Fatherre as mye Maſterre followed
Ande as mye Patronne thoughte onne inne mye Prayerres
*Leare* The Bowe is bente thereforre awaye fromme the Shafte
*Kente* Lette itte falle ratherre though the Forke invade

The Reygonne of mye hearte be thou unmannerlye Kente
Whenne Leare is madde whatte wouldſt thou doe old Manne
Thinkſt thou thatte dutye ſhalle have dreade toe ſpeake
Whenne Powerre toe flatterye bowes
Toe Playnneſſe honnours bownde
Whenne the Kynge falls toe follye reſerve thye State
Ande the beſte conſideratyonne checke
Thys hydeouſe raſheneſſe anſwerre mye life mye Judgemente
Thye Youngeste Daughterre dos notte love thee leaste
Norre are those windye heartedde whose lowe soundes
Reverrebe noe hollowneſſe
*Leare* Kente onne thye life noe more
*Kente* Mye life I neverre helde butte as a pawne
Toe wage agaynste thyne enemyies neere feare toe lose itte
Thye safetye beynge motive
*Leare* Quitte mye Syghte
*Kente* See betterre ande lette mee stylle remayne
The trewe blanke of thyne Eye
*Leare* Nowe bye Apollo
*Kente* Nowe bye Apollo Leare
Thou swearste the Goddes inne Vayne

*Leare* O vaſſalle miſſecreante
*Alb* Deare Sir forrebeare
*Kente* Kylle thye Physycyanne ande thye fee bestowe
Uponne the Soule dysease revoke thye Gifte
Orre whilste I canne vente clammourre fromme mye throate
Ille saye thou doste Evylle
*Leare* Heare mee vile Slave onne thyne Allegyaunce heare mee
Thatte thou haste soughte toe make uſse breake oure Vowes
Whiche wee durſte neverre yette ande with ſtraynde Pride
Toe come betwixte oure Sennetaunce and oure Powerre
Whiche neytherre Nature norre oure Place canne beare
Oure Potencye made godde take thye rewarde
Five dayes wee doe give thee forre provyſyonne
Toe keepe thee fromme dyſaſterres of the Worlde
Ande uponne the ſyxthe toe turne thye haytedde backe
Uponne oure Kyngdomme iffe the tenthe daye followinge
Thye banyſhedde trunke be founde inne our Domynyonnes
Thatte momente iſse thye Deathe awaye bye Apollo

Thys ſhall notte bee revokedde
*Kent* Fare thee welle Kinge ſythe thuſse thou wilt appeare
Fredomme lives hence ande banyſhmente is here
The Gods toe theyre deare Shelterre take thee mayde
Thatte juſtlye thynkes ande hathe mouſte rightlye ſayde
Ande youre large Speeches maye youre deedes approve
Thatte godd Effects maye ſprynge fromme Words of Love
Thuſse Kente thenne Prinneces biddes you alle adieu
Hele ſhape hys oulde courſe inne a Countrye newe

*Enterre Gloſterre withe Fraunce ande Burgannedye and Attennedauntes*

*Cor* Heres Fraunce and Burgannedye mye noble Lorde
*Leare* Mye Lorde of Burgannedye
Wee firſte addreſse towarde you who withe thys Kynge
Hathe ryvalld forre oure Daughterre whatte inne the leaſte
Wille you require inne preſente Dowre withe herre

Orre ceaſe youre queſte of Love
*Bur*. Moſte Royalle Majeſsetye
I wille noe more thanne whatte youre hyghneſse offerrde
Norre wille you tenderre leſse
*Leare* Ryghte noble Burgannedye whenne ſhe was deare toe uſſe
We helde herre ſoe
Butte nowe herre worthe iſse fallenne Sir there ſhe ſtands
Iffe aught withinne thatte lyttle ſeemynge Subſtance
Or alle of itte with oure dyſpleaſure peacd
Ande noethynge more maye fittelye lyke youre Grace
Sheſe there ande ſhee iſse youres
*Bur* I knowe noe anſwerre
*Leare* Wille you withe thoſe Innefyrmytyes ſhe owes
Unnefreynnededde newe adoppetedde toe oure hate
Dowrd with oure curſe and ſtrannegerde with oure Oathe
Take leave or leave herre
*Bur* Pardonne mee Royalle Sir
Electyonne makes notte uppe onne ſuche Conne-dytyonnes
*Leare* Thenne leave herre Sir forre bye the powerre thatte made me
I telle you alle herre Wealthe Forre you greate Kynge

I woulde notte fromme youre love make ſuche a ſtraye
Toe matche you where I hate thereforre beſeeche you
Toe turne youre lykynge a more worrethyerre waye
Thanne onne a Wretche whome Nature iſse aſhamd
Almoſte t'acknowleydge herre
*Fra* Thys iſse moſte ſtrange
Thatte ſhee who butte nowe was youre beſte Objectte
The argumente of youre Prayſe balme of youre Age
The beſte the dearyſte ſhoude inne thys tryce offe tyme
Commyttee a thynge ſoe monſtrouſe toe dyſmantle
Soe many foldes offe favourre ſure herre Offence
Muſte bee offe ſuche unnenaturalle degree
Thatte Monſterres itte Or youre fore-voucht affectyonne
Falle intoe taynte whiche toe beleyve offe herre
Muſte bee a faythe thatte Reaſonne withoute Mirracle
Shoulde neverre plante inne mee
*Cor* I yette beſeeche youre Majeſtye
Iffe forre I wante thatte glibbe ande Oylye Arte
Toe ſpeake ande purpoſe notte ſince whatte I wille innetende
I'll dot eere I ſpeake thatte you make knowne

Itte iſse noe vycyouſe blotte Murtherre or Foulenefse
Noe unnechaſte Actyonne or dyshonorredde Steppe
Thatte hathe depryvedde mee of youre Grace ande favoure
Butte fore wante of thatte alone fore whiche I amme richerre
A ſtille ſolycytynge Eye ande ſuche a Tongue
Thatte I amme gladde I have notte though toe have itte notte·
Hathe loſte mee inne youre lykynge
*Leare* Betterre thou hadſt notte beene borne
Thanne notte toe have pleasd mee betterre
*Fra* Iſse itte thenne butte thys A tardyneſse in Nature
Whiche oft tymes leaves the Hyſtorye unneſpoke
Thatte itte innetendes toe doe mye Lorde of Burgannedye
Whatte ſaye you toe the Ladye Loves notte Love
Whenne tis mingledde withe regardes thatte ſtande
Aloofe fromme the innetyre poynte wille you have herre
She iſse herſelfe a Dowrye
*Bur* Royalle Kynge
Give butte thatte portyonne whiche youreſelfe proposd
Ande here I take Cordelya bye the Hande
Dutcheſse offe Burgannedye
*Leare* Nothynge I have ſworne ande ſtill I am fyrme

*Bur* I amme ſorrye thenne thatte you have ſoe
loſte a Fatherre
Thatte you muſte loſe a Huſbande
*Cor* Peace bee withe Burgannedye
Synce thatte reſpecte ande forretunes are hys love
Itte willes mee notte toe bee hys wife
*Fra* Fayreſte Cordelya thou arte moſte riche
beynge poore
Moſte choyce forreſaykenne ande moſte lovd
deſpisd
Thee and thye Virretues here doe I ſeyze uponne
Bee itte lawfulle I take uppe whats caſte away
O Goddes Tis ſtrange thatte fromme theyre coldſt
neglectte
My love ſhould Kynnedle toe innflaymedde re-
ſpecte
Thye dowerreleſse Daughterre Kynge throwne toe
mye chaunce
Iſse Queene of uſse of ourſe ande oure fayre Fraunce
Notte alle the Dukes of wariſhe Burregannedye
Canne buye thys unnepryzedde Mayde of mee
Bydde themme farewelle Cordelya though unne-
kynde
Thou looſeſte here a betterre where toe fynde
*Leare* Take herre Fraunce ande lette herre be
thyne for wee
Have noe ſuche Daughterre norre ſhalle everre
ſee

Thatte face of herſe agayne thereforre bee gone
Withoute oure love oure Grayce orre benyzonne
Come Noble Burregannedye
*Fra* Bydde farewelle toe youre Syſterres
*Cor* The Jewelles offe oure Fatherre with waſhd Eyeſe
Cordelya leaves you I knowe you *thatte* you are
And lyke a Syſterre amme mouſte loathe toe calle
Youre faults as theye are namedde Love welle oure Fatherre
Toe youre profeſſedde boſommes I commyte hymme
Butte yette ſtoode I withinne hys Grayce
I woulde preferre hymme toe a betterre place
Soe farewelle toe you bothe
*Reg* Spare uſſe wee knowe oure dutye
*Gonne* Lette youre Studye
Bee toe connetente youre Lorde who hath receyved you
Atte fortunes Almes you have obedyence ſcannetedde
Ande welle are worthe the wante thatte you have wantedde
*Cor* Tyme ſhall innforme what plyghtedde cunnynge hydes
Who coverres faultes atte laſte with ſhame derydes
Welle maye you proſperre
*Fra* Comme thenne fayreſte Cordelya

*Gonne* Syſterre itte iſſe notte lyttle I have toe ſaye
Offe whatte mouſte nearelye appertaynes toe uſſe bothe
I thynke oure Fatherre will hence toe Nyghte
*Reg* Thatts moſte certayne ande with you butte nexte with uſse
*Gon* Doe you marke how hys Age changes whatte Obſerrevatyonne
We have made oft hath beene ſmalle hee everre lovd oure
Syſterre mouſte ande withe whatte ſhallowe Judgemente
Hee hathe nowe caſte herre offe appeares but too groſſelye
*Reg* Thatts the Innefyrmytye ofs Age yette hath he alwaye
butte ſlennederrelye knowne hymſelfe
*Gonne* The beſte ande ſoundeſte of hys tyme hath benne butte
raſheneſse whiche innefyrme ande cholerycke Yeares
brynge withe themme
*Reg* Suche unneconneſtante ſtartes aſſe thys of Kentes
banyſhemente are wee lykelye toe have fromme hymme
*Gonne* Yette more Commeplemente iſſe there twixt Fraunce ande

Hymme praye lette uſſe ſytte togetherre iffe oure fatherre
beare Authorytye whye thyſſe laſte ſurrennederre
of hys Wille dothe butte offende uſse

## *SECOUNDE SCEANE*

*Baſterde comes forrewarde*

*Bas* Thou Nature arte mye Goddeſse toe the Lawe
Mye ſerrevyceſse ſtande bounde Wherrefore ſhoud I
Reſte inne the Plague of Cuſtomme ande permytte
The Curyoſytye of Natyonnes toe depryve mee
Cauſe thatte I amme ſome twelve orre foureteene Moonſhynes
Lagge of mye brotherre Whye Baſterde wherefore baſe
Whenne mye dymenneſyonnes are as welle commepacte
Mye Mynde as generouſe ande mye ſhape as true
As honeſte Manns Iſſue whye brande theye thuſse
Withe baſe withe baſeneſse baſterdye—baſe baſe
Who inne the luſtye ſtealthe of Nature take
More Compoſytyonne ande feyrce Qualytye
Thanne dothe withinne a dulle ſtayle tyredde Bedde
Goe the creatynge a whole trybe of foppes
Gotte twixt ſleep ande awake Welle thenne

Legytymyte Edgarre I muſte have youre Lande
Oure Fatherres love iſſe toe the baſterrede Edmunde
As toe the legytymate fyne worde legytymate
Welle mye legytymate iffe thys Letterre ſpeede
Ande mye Innevennetyonne thrive Edmunde the baſe
Shalle toe the legytymate I growe I proſperre
Nowe Goddes ſtande uppe forre baſtardes

*Enterre Glouceſscterre*

*Glo* Kente banyſhd thus ande Fraunce toe inne Cholerre parretedde
Ande the Kynge gone toe Nyghte Preſcribd hys powerre
Confynd toe exhybytyonne Alle iſſe gone
Uponne the Gadde Edmunde howe nowe whatte Newes
*Bas* Soe Pleaſe youre Lordſhyppe none
*Glo* Whye woudſt thou ſoe eareneſtelye cloake thatte Letterre
*B* I knowe noe Newes mye Lorde
*Glo* Whatte Paperre were you readynge
*B* Nothynge mye Lorde
*Glo* Howe ſoe whye thenne thatte terrible dyspatche of itte noe
thynge hathe noe ſuche neede toe hyde itteſelfe Comme

Letts ſee ift tis naughte I neede notte Spectacles
*Bas* Praye you parredonne mee Sir itte iſſe butte fromme mye
brotherre ande I have notte alle oere reade ande forre
thatte I have perusd Itte fyttes notte youre oere lookynge
*Glo* Give mee the Letterre Sir
*Bas* I ſhalle offeynde eytherre toe detayne orre give itte
The Connetentes aſſe inne parte I underſtande themme
Are muche too blame
*Glo* Lets ſee Lets ſee I ſaye
*Bas* I hope forre mye brotherres goode thys was butte anne
Eſsaye forre proofe offe mye Virretue
*Glo* *Readynge* Ths Polycye ande Reverannce of Age
makes the Worlde betterre ande keeps oure fortunes fromme
uſſe tille wee cannotte relliſhe themme I ginne toe
fynde an Idle ande fonde bonnedage inne the weyghte
of agedde tyrannye who ſwayes notte as itte hath powerre
butte as tis ſufferedde Comme toe mee thatte of thyſse
I maye ſpeake more Iffe oure Fatherre woulde ſleepe

tille I wakd hymme you ſhould enjore halfe hys
Revennewe forre everre ande bee the belovedde of
youre
brotherre Edgar. Soe Soe Conſpyracye Sleepe
tille I wake hym you ſhould enjoye halfe hys Re-
vennewe
Mye Sonne Edgar hath hee a hand for ths Or a
hearte
toe Fatherre itte Whenne had you ths who
broughte itte
*Bas* Mye Lorde itte was notte broughte mee
theres the
cunnynge oft I founde itte throwne inne atte the
Caſemente of mye Cloſette
*Glo* You knowe the Characterre toe bee hys
*B* Iffe theyre Importe were godde mye Lorde
I durſte ſweare
itte were hys butte inne reſpecte of thatte I fayne
woud
thynke twere notte
*Glo* O tis hys
*B* Tis hys hande mye Lorde butte hys hearte
wills
Notte the Connetentes
*Glo* Hath he nere ſpoke of ths before
*Bas* Neverre mye Lorde butte hee hathe oft
ſayde twere
fytte thatte Sonnes atte perrefecte Age and Fatherres

declynd the Fatherre ſhoud bee Warde toe the Sonne
Ande hee manage hys Revennewe
*Glo* O Villayne The verye Opynyonne ofs Letterre O deteſsetędde
ande unnenaturalle Villayne worſe thanne brutyſhe
Goe ſeeke hym Ile apprehende hym where is hee
*Bas* I knowe notte mye Lorde ift ſhalle pleaſe you ſuſſepende
awhile youre Innedygnatyonne agaynſte mye brotherre
tille you fynde betterre proofe ofs innetente forre
ſhoud you vyolentelye proceede agaynſte hymme
myſtakynge ofs purpoſe itte woude make a greate
gappe inne youre honourre ande ſhake the hearte of
hys obedyence I dare pawne myne owne life thatte
hee hath writte thys betterre toe knowe mye Love
toe youre honourre ande toe noe otherre dangerre
*Glo* Thynke you ſoe
*Bas* Shoud you judge itte meete I wille place you where
you ſhalle heare uſſe conferre onne the affayre
Ande bye Auryculayre aſsuraunce fynde Satysfactyonne
ande with noe longerre delaye thanne thys Evenynge
*Glo* Edmunde ſeeke hym oute he is noe ſuche Monſterre

I praye you lette mee well intoe hym ande dot afterre

Youre owne Wiſdomme I would unneſtate myeſelfe toe bee inne due reſulutyonne

*Bas* I wille ſeeke hym Sir and forre the buſyneſse acquainte You withe alle

*Glo* The late Eclypſeſse inne the Sunne ande Moone portende noe goode toe uſse though inne herre wiſsedomme Nature reaſonnes itte thuſse

Love cools Freyndeſhyppe dyvides ande brotherres are notte ſoe Inne

Cytyes Mutynyes inne Countryes dyſcorde inne Pallaces Treaſonne

Ande noe bonde twixt Sonne ande Fatherre Thys Villayne comes underre the predyctyonne thuſse thenne iffe Sonne agaynſt

Fatherre the Kynge totterres fromme the byaſse offe Nature theres

Fatherre agaynſte Chylde Wee have ſeene the beſte offe oure tyme Machynatyonnes treacherye alle ruinouſe dyſorrederres followe uſse diſquiettelye toe oure Graves Finde ths Villayne

Edmunde itte ſhalle looſe thee noethynge doe itte carefullye

Aye Ande the noble ande trewe heartedde Kente banyſhedde

Hys Offence beynge butte Honeſtye Tis ſtraunge

*Bas* Thys is the excellente fopperye of the Worlde thatte

Whenne wee are ſycke inne fortune the ſurfeytes off oure

owne behavyoure wee make guiltye of oure dys-aſterres

Vyllaynes bye niſſeſsytye fooles bye compul-ſyonne Knaves

ande Thieves bye predomynaunce Drunkards Lyars ande

Adullterererres bye Obedyence toe Planetarye inne-fluence

ande alle thatte wee are eville inne bye dyvine thruſtyng

onne Admyrable evaſyonne of mye Whore Maſterre

Manne Mye Fatherre compounndedde with mye Motherre

Underre Dragonnes Tayle ande mye Natyvytye was

underre Urſa Magor ſoe follows itte I amme rough ande

Lecherouſe I ſhould have thatte whiche I amme hadde

the moſte Maydennelye Starre ith Fyrmamente
twinkledde onne mye baſterdyſynge

*Edgarre commes forrewarde*

Patte lyke the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedye here
he comes Mye Cue iſſe Villaynouſe Melannecholye
lyke Tom O Bedlamme O theſe Eclypſes doe portende
theſe dyvyſyonnes Fa Sol La Mee
*Edg* How nowe brotherre Edmunde whye thys ſeryouſe
Contemplatyonne
*Bas* I amme thynkynge of a predyctyonne I reade thys
otherre Daye onne whatte ſhould follow theſe Eclypſes
ande I promiſe you the effects he writes of ſucceede
unnehappylye butte whenne ſaw you mye fatherre laſte
*Edg* The Nyghte gone bye
*Bas* Spake you withe hymme
*Edg* I two hours togetherre
*Bas* Parretedde you inne goode termes Founde you noe
dyspleaſure inne hymme bye worde norre Countenaunce
*Edg* None atte alle

*Bas* Bethynke youreſelfe whereinne you have offenndedde
ande praye you forrebeare hys preſence tille the
heate of hys dyſpleaſure bee quelledde whiche ſoe
rageth inne hymme thatte withe the myſchiefe of youre
perſonne itte woulde ſcarcelye allaye
*Edg* Some Villayne hathe done mee wronge
*Edm* Thats mye feare Therefore praye you forrebeare
tille hys rage goe flowerre ande retyre withe mee
toe mye Lodgynge where you ſhall fytley heare
mye Lord ſpeake theres mye Keye ande
ſhoud you ſtyrre praye you goe armedde
*Edg* Armd Brotherre
*Bas* I amme noe honeſte Manne if there bee anye
godde meanynge toe you I praye you thenne
awaye
*Edg* Shalle I heare fromme you anonne
*Edm* Thuſſe doe I ſerve inne ths buſyneſſe
A Credulouſe Fatherre ande a brotherre noble
Whoſe Natures are ſoe farre fromme doinge harmes
Thatte theye ſuſpecte none ande onne whoſe honeſtye
Mye Practyceſſe ryde eaſye I ſee the buſyneſſe
Iffe notte bye byrthe thenne lette mee have Landes bye Witte
alle with mee is meete ſoe I canne faſhyonne itte

## *SCEANE THYRDE*

*Gonnerylle ande Stewarde comme forrewarde*

*Gonn* Dydde mye Fatherre ſtryke mye Gennetlemanne
forre chydynge hys foole
*Stew* I Madamme
*Gon* Bye daye ande Nyghte he wrongs mee
Everye houre he flaſhes into oune groſe cryme or otherre
Thatte tetts uſſe alle atte odds Ile notte innedure itte
Hys Kyghts growe ryatouſe ande hymſelfe uppebrayds uſſe
Inne everye tryfle whenne he retturnes fromme huntynge
Ille notte ſpeake with hymme ſaye I amme ſycke
Iffe you come ſlacke of formerre Serrevyces
You ſhall doe welle the fault Ille anſwerre
*Gent* Hes comynge Mam I heare hymme
*Gon* Putte onne whatte wearye neglygence you pleaſe
Ide have itte come toe queſtyonne iffe he dyſlyke itte lette hymme toe oure Syſterre our Myndes inne thatte are oune foliſhe Age thatte ſtylle woud Manage thoſe Authorytyes hee hath gyvenne awaye forre bye mye life olde fooles muſte bee uſedde aſſe

babyes ande have checkes forre flatteryes whenne
theye are ſeene abuſd rememberre whatte I telle you

*Gent* Verye welle Madamme

*Gon* Lette hys Kyghtes have colderre lookes too itte
matterres notte whatte comes oft adviſe thye fellowes
ſoe Ile write ſtraygthe toe mye Syſterre toe
holde mye verye courſe goe prepare for dynerre

*Kente*

*Ken* Iffe butte aſs welle I otherre accentes borrowe thatte
canne mye ſpeeche defuſe thou banyſht Kente iffe
thou canſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtande condemnedde
thye Maſterre whom thou lovſt ſhalt fynde thee fulle
offe laybourre

*Enterre Leare*

*Leare* Lette mee notte ſtaye a jotte forre dynnerrre goe gette
itte readye how nowe whatte arte thou

*Kente* A Manne Sir

*Leare* Whatte doſt profeſſe whatte wouldſt withe uſſe

*Kente* I doe profeſſe naughte more thanne I ſeme toe bee

trewe toe hymme thatte woude putte mee inne truſte toe
love hymme thatte iſs honeſte toe ſaye with hymme
thatte iſs wiſe toe feare Judgemente toe fyghte whenne
I cannotte chuſe ande toe eate noe fyſhe

*Leare* Whatte arte thou

*Kente* An honeſte heartedde fellowe as pore aſs the Kynge

*Leare* Iffe bee as poore forre a Subjecte as hee foree a Kynge
thenne arte poore inndeede butte whatte woudſt thou

*Kente* Service

*Leare* Who wouldſt ſerve

*Kente* Youe

*Leare* Doſt knowe mee fellowe

*Kente* Notte I butte you have inne you thatte I woude
calle Maſterre

*Leare* Aye whatts thatte

*Kente* Authorytye

*Leare* Whatte canſt thou doe

*Kente* Keepe honeſte couſayle ryde runne marre a
tayle in the tellynge itte delyverre a playne
Meſſage bluntlye whatte ordynarye Menne are

fytte forre thatte an I qualyfyedde inne butte the beſte offe mee iſs dylygence

*Leare* Howe olde arte thou

*Kente* Notte ſoe Yonge toe love a womanne for ſyngynge norre

ſoe olde toe dote onne herre forre anye thynge I have

Yeares onne mye backe fortye ande eyghte

*Leare* Followe thenne thou ſhalt ſerve mee anne I lyke thee no

worſe afterre dynnerre Ille notte parte with thee yette

Whatte ho I ſaye dynnerre wheres mye knave mye foole goe calle mye foole hytherre ſirra wheres Mye Daughterre

*Enterre Stewarde*

*Stew* Soe pleaſe you

*Leare* Whatte ſayes the fellowe there calle the clotte

pole backe mye foole I ſaye I thynke the Worldes aſleepe ho wheres mye munnegrelle

*Kente* He ſayes mye Lorde youre Daughterre iſs notte welle

*Leare* Wherefore came hee notte whenne I calld hymme

*Ser* He anneſweredde roundlye thatte he would notte

*Leare* He woud notte

*Ser* Mye Lorde I knowe notte whatte the Matterre iſſe
butte toe mye judgmente youre Hyghneſſe iſſe notte receyvedde with the affectyonne you were wonte therſe greate abatemente appeares aſs welle inne depennedaunts as inne the Duke hymſelfe ande youre Daughterre

*Leare* Ha ſayſt thou ſoe

*Ser* Pardonne I doe beſeeche mye Lorde Iffe I bee Myſtakenne forre mye dutye cannotte bee ſylente whenne I doe thynke youre Hyghneſſe wrongd

*Leare* Thou butte remembereſte mee of myne owne
conneceptyonne I have perceyvedde a faynte neglecte of late whiche I have the ratherre aſs mine owne Jealouſe curyoſytye I wille looke fartherre intoe itte butte wheres thys foole I ha notte ſeene hymme thys two dayes

*Ser* Synce mye Younge Ladyes goynge intoe Fraunce
Sir hee hath muche pynd awaye

*Leare* Noe more of thatte I have notedde itte goe telle mye
daughterre I woulde ſpeake wits herre goe too calle hytherre mye foole O you Sir come you hytherre Who am I Syrre

*Stew* Mye Ladys fatherre

*Leare* My Ladys fatherre mye Lords Knave you whorſonne dog

*Stew* I am none of thys I praye you pordonne mee mye Lorde

*Leare* Doe you bandy lookes withe me Knave

*Stew* Ile notte bee ſtrucke mye Lorde

*Kente* Norre trypt neytherre you baſe foote ball Playerre

*Leare* Fellow I thanke thee thou ſervſt mee ande I love thee

*Kente* Come Sir Ile teache you dyfferences awaye awaye

iffe you wille meaſure youre lubberres length agayne tarrye butte awaye you have wiſdome

*Leare* Nowe freyndlye Knave I thaynke thee theres earneſt

of thye ſervyce

*Enterre Foole*

*Foole* Lette mee hyre hymme too Heres mye Coxcombe

*Leare* Howe nowe mye prettye Knave how doſt thou

*Foole* Sirra you were beſte take mye Coxcombe

*Kente* Whye Foole

*Foole* Whye forre takynge ownes parte thatts oute of favoure

Naye an thou canſt notte ſmyle as the winde getts thout
catch colde ſhortlye welle take mye Cocks-combe
Whye he hath banyſhd two of daughterres ande done the thyrde a bleſſynge agaynſt hys wille iffe thou wilt followe hymme thou muſte needes weare my Cockſcombe how now nunckle woud I hadde two Cockſcombes ande two daughterres

*Leare* Whye mye Boye

*foole* Iffe I gave themme anye lyvynge Ide keepe the Cockſcombe myeſelfe theres myne begge anotherre of thye daughterres

*Leare* Take heede Syrrah the whyppe

*foole* Truth is a dog thatte muſte toe Kennelle whenne
mye Ladye ſtandes by th Fyre ande ſtynkes

*Leare* A peſtylente Gulle toe mee

*foole* Sirra Ile teache thee a ſpeeche

*Leare* Doe

*foole* Marke itte Unnekle have more thanne thou ſheweſte ſpeake leſſe thanne thou knoweſte lende leſſe thanne thou oweſte ryde more thenne thou goeſte learne more thenne thou troweſte leave thye drynke ande thye hope ande keepe inne a doore thenne ſhalt thou ha more thanne twoe tens toe a Score

*Leare* Thys is nothnge foole

*foole* Thenne iſt as the breathe of an unnefedde Layerre

You ſaye mee naught fort canſt make noe uſe of Noethynge Unckle

*Leare* Whye noe noethnge canne bee made o nothynge

O thourt a bytterre foole

*folle* Doſt knowe the difference boye twixt a byttere ande

a ſweete foole

*Leare* Noe Ladde teache mee

*foole* Thatte Lorde thatte couſayld thee to give thye Lande awaye

Comme place hymme here bye mee doe thou for hymme ſtande

Thenne ſoone wilte the ſweete ande bytterre foole appeare

*Leare* Doſt call mee foole boye

*foole* Alle thye Tytles haſt thou gyvenne awaye thatte

thou waſt borne withe

*Kente* Thyſſe iſſe alle toegetherre foole mye Lorde

*foole* Noe faythe Lordes ande greate Menne wille notte

lette mee have alle foole toe myeſelfe theyle bee ſnatchynge give nee an Egge Nunckle ande Ile give thee two Crownes

*Leare* Whatte twoe Crownes ſhall theye bee
*folle* Whye afterre I ha broke the Egge ande eate the meate thenne take the twoe Crownes oth Egge whenne thou cloveſte ande graveſte awaye thye Crowne thenne thou hadſt lyttle witte inne thye baulde Crowne lette hymme bee whypt thatte fyndes itte notte ſoe
Fooles had nere leſſe witte inne a Yeare
Forre wiſe menne are growne foppyſhe
Theye knowe notte howe theyre Witts doe weare
Theyre Mannerres are ſoe Apyſhe
*Leare* Whenne where you wonte toe bee thuſſe fulle
of Songs Syrra
*foole* I have uſedde itte Nunckle everre ſynce thoud madſt
thye Daughterres thye Motherre Nunckle forre Whenne thou gavſt themme the Rodde theye forre joye dydde weepe Ande I forre Sorrowe ſung thatte ſuche a Kynge ſhoulde playe a bo peepe
I praye thee Nunckle keepe a Schoole Maſterre
thatte canne teache thye foole toe lye I woulde fayne learne toe lye
*Leare* Iffe you lye lye you ſhalle bee whipte
*foole* Whatte kynne arte thou ande thye Daughterres
theyl ha mee whypt ſorre ſpeakynge trewe ande thou forre lyinge O I hadde ratherre be anye

thynge thanne a folle yette woud I notte bee
thou Nunckle thou haſt payd thye witte a bothe
ſydes ande lefte noethynge inne the Myddelle
heere commes oune o the Parynges

*Gonnerylle*

*Leare* Howe nowe daughterre whatte makes
thatte frontlett onne
Methynkes you are toe muche a late ith frowne
*foole* Thou waſt a prettye fellowe whenne thou
careddeſte
notte forre herre frowne nowe thou arte O withoute
a figure I amme a foole thou arte noethynge though
youre face byddes mee holde mye peace Yette doſt
thou ſaye noethynge
Mumme Mumme hee thatte keepes norre Cruſte
norre Crumme
Wearye of alle ſhalle wante forre ſome Thatts a
ſheald peſcod
*Gon* Notte onlye thys foole you are lycened
butte otherre offe
the retynewe doe hourelye carpe ande quarrelle ande
ryotts notte toe bee enneduredde I hadde thoughte
Sir
bye makynge thys welle knowne toe you toe have
Founde a ſafe redreſſe butte amme fearefulle bye
youre

late ſpeeche ande Acts thatte you doe protecte thys courſe
whiche iffe you ſhoulde Sir the faulte wille notte ſcape
cenneſure norre ſhalle redreſſe ſleepe whiche inne the
tennederre offe a wholeſome weale myghte inne workynge
doe you thatte offence thatte elſe were ſhame butte thenne
neceſſytye muſte calle dyſcreete proceedings 670
*folle* Forre you trowe Nunckle the hedge Sparrowe fedde the
Cookow ſoe longe thatte itte hadde the heade be itte younge
ſoe oute wente the Cannedelle ande wee were lefte darklynge
*Leare* Are you oure daughterre
*Gon* Comme Sir I woudde you make uſe offe the wiſdomme whereoffe
I knowe you are fraughte ande putte awaye theſe dyſpoſytyonnes
thatte late have transforremedde you fromme whatte you are
*foole* Maye notte an Aſs knowe whenne the Carte drawes the horſe
whoope Juſſe I love thee
*Leare* Dothe anye here knowe mee thyſſe iſſe notte Leare dothe

Leare walke thuſſe ſpeake thuſſe where are hys Eies hys
dyſcerrenynges are letharregye forre ſure tis notte ſoe who
iſt canne telle mee who I amme Iſt Leares ſhadowe fyre
I woud learne thatte bye the markes offe ſovereygntye
ande reaſonne I ſhould bee falſe perreſwadedde I hadde
daughterres

*Folle* Whiche theye wille make anne obedyente fatherre

*Leare* Thye Name fayre Gennetlewomanne

*Gon* Thys Admyratyonne ſavourres of otherre newe prankes I praye

You unnederreſtande mye purpoſes aryghte as you are oulde
ſoe ſhoud you bee wiſe heere doe you keepe foure hundredde
Knyghtes ande Squires Menne ſoe diſorrderrelye ſoe
deboyſte ande bolde Thatte thyſſe oure Courte innefectedde
with theyre mannerres ſhewes lyke a ryatouſe Inne bee
thou deſyredde bye herre thatte elſe wille take the thynge

ſhe beggs a lyttle toe dyſquannetytye youre trayne ande
the remaynderre thatte ſtylle depende toe bee ſuche
Menne as maye beeſorte youre Age ande knowe
themmeſelves ande you
*Leare* Darkneſſe ande divels ſaddle mye horſes call mye
trayne togetherre degenerate baſtarde elſe notte trouble
thee yette have I owne daughterre lefte
*Gon* You ſtryke mye People ande youre dysorrederedde rabble
make ſervaunts of theyre betterres

*Duke commes forrewarde*

*Leare* O Wee thatte toe late repentes uſſe O Sir you are comme
Is itte yore wille Wee prepare anye horſes Ingratytude
thou Marble heartedde feynde More hideouſe whenne
thou ſheweſte thee inne a Childe thanne the Sea
Monſterre orre deteſſetedde Kyte thou leſſen mye
trayne ande Menne of choyſe who alle partyculars
of dutye knowe O mouſte ſmalle faulte howe
uglye dydſte thou inne Cordelya ſhowe thatte
wrencht mye verye frame of nature fromme its fyxt

place drewe fromme mye hearte alle love ande
addedde toe the galle O Leare Leare beate atte
thye gate thatte lette thye follye inne ande thye
dear judgmente oute goe goe alle mye People

*Duke* Mye Lorde I amme guiltleſſe aſs I amme Ignorante

*Leare* Itte maye bee ſoe harke Nature heare deare Goddeſſe

ſuſpende thye purpoſe iffe thou woudſt make thys
Creature fruitefulle intoe herre wombe conveye
ſterylytye drye uppe inne herre the Organnes offe
Innecreaſe ande lette noe babe ſprynge toe honorre herre
butte iffe ſhe muſte teeme create herre Chylde of ſpleene
ande lette itte channelle rynkles onne herre browe
of youthe with accente teares turne alle herre paynes
toe rude laughterre ande contempte Thatte ſhee maye
knowe howe ſharpe ande lyke a Serrepentes toothe it is
toe have a thankleſſe Chylde goe goe mye People

*Duke* Nowe Gods thatte wee adore howe comes thyſſe

*Gon* Aſk notte the cauſe butte lette hys dyſpoſytyonne have
the ſcope thatte dotage gives itte

*Leare* Whatte fiftye atte a Clappe ande with-
inne a fyrtnyghte too
*Duke* Whats the Matterre Sir
*Leare* Marke mee Ile telle the life ande deathe
I amme
aſhamd thou haſt powerre toe ſhake mye Mann-
hoode
thuſſe thatte theſe hotte teares thatte breake fromme
mee perreforce ſhoud make worſe blaſts ande Foggs
onne the unnetennederre woundynges of a Fatherres
uſſe playe thys parte agayne Ile plucke ye oute
ande caſte you with the Waterres thatte you maye
temperre claye Yea tis come toe thys yette iſſe
there oune daughterre lefte whome I amme ſure iſſe
kynde ande commeforretable whenne ſhee ſhalle
heare thys of thee with herre Nayles ſhele flee thye
Wolfyſhe Viſage ande thoulte fynde I ſhalle
reſume the ſhape whiche ſeemynge I have caſte offe
Yeſſe thou ſhalte I warrante thee *goes oute*
*Gon* Doe you marke thatte mye Lorde
*Duke* I cannotte bee ſoe partyalle toe the greate
Love I beare thee
Gonnerille
*Gon* Praye you connetente whatte Ofwalde hoa
You Sir more knave thanne foole afterre youre
Maſterre
*foole* Nunckle Leare Nunckle Leare
Tarrye take the foole withe thee

A Fox whenne oune has caughte herre
Ande ſuche a daughterre
Should ſure love the ſlaughterre
Iffe mye Cappe woulde buye a halterre
Soe ſhalle the foole followe afterre
*Gonn* Thys Manne hathe hadde goode counſelle
A hundredde Knyghtes he maye oureguarde
Hys dotage with hys powerres
Ande holde oure lives inne Mercye Curane I ſaye
*Alb* Welle you may feare too farre
*Gon* Saferre thanne truſte toe farre
Whatte he hath uttered I have writte mye ſyſterre
Iffe ſhe ſuſtayne hymme ande hys hundredde Knyghtes
Whenne I have ſhewd th unfytneſſe

*Enterre Stewarde*

How nowe Curane
Haſt thou yette wrote thatte Letterre toe mye ſyſterre
*Curan* I Madamme
*Gon* Take thenne ſome Companye ande awaye toe horſe
Inneforme herre fulle off mye partycularre feare
Ande thereto adde ſuche reaſonnes of youre owne
Aſſe maye compacte itte more Gette you gone
Ande haſtenne toe youre retynewe

Thys mylkye gennetleneſſe ande courſe offe yours
Though I condemne notte yette underre pardonne
You are muche more atte taſke forre wante of wiſdomme
Thanne prayſd forre harmfulle myldneſſe
*Alb* Welle Welle to th evente

*Leare Kente Gentlemanne ande foole*

*Leare* Goe you before toe Gloſterre withe theſe Letterres
acquainte mye daughterre noe furretherre withe anye thinge you knowe thenne commes fromme herre demande
butte of the Letterre iffe youre dylygence bee drowſye
I ſhalle bee there before you
*Kente* Ille notte ſleepe tille I have delyvyredde youre Letterre
*foole* Iffe a Mans brayns were inſheeles wert notte inne
dangerre offe kybes
*Lere* I boye
*foole* Thenne praye thee bee merrye thye witte goes notte
ſlyppe ſhodde
*Leare* Trewe ha ha ha ha

*foole* Thoult ſee thye otherre daughterre wille uſe thee
welle forre though ſhes aſs lyke thyſſe aſs Crabbs toe
an apple yette I canne telle whatte I lyſte
*Leare* Whatte canſt telle Boye
*foole* She wille taſte as lyke toe a Crabb aſs does thys
thou knowſt whye ounes Noſe ſtands ith myddelle ons face
*Leare* Noe
*foole* Whye toe ones Eyes of ſydes ones Noſe thatte
whyche Manne cannotte ſmelle oute hee maye ſee oute
*Leare* I dydde herre wronge
*foole* doſte knowe howe the Oyſterre makes hys ſhelle
*Leare* Noe
*foole* Neytherre canne I Yette doe I knowe whye a Snayle
has a houſe
*Leare* Ande whye thatte
*foole* Toe hyde hys heade inne notte toe give itte awaye
toe hys Daughterres ande leave hys hornes withoute a Caſe
*Leare* I wille forregette mye Nature ſoe kynde a Fatherre

whatte hoa there bee mye horſes readye

*foole* Thye Aſſes are aboute themme the reaſonne the ſeaſonne

Starres are noe more thanne iſſe a prettye reaſonne

*Leare* Cauſe theye are notte eyghte

*foole* Werte thou mye foole Nunckle thou ſhouldſt bee

beate forre beynge oulde afore thye tyme

*Leare* Hows thatte

*foole* Thou ſhoudſt notte ha beene oulde tille thou hadſte

beene wiſe

*Leare* Lette mee notte bee madde O ſweete heavenne I

woud notte bee madde O keepe mee inne temperre whatte

Hoa are the horſes readye

*Gent* Readye mye Lorde

*Leare* Comme boye

*foole* She thatts a Mayde nowe ande laughs atte mye deparreture

ſhalle notte be a Mayde longe unleſſe thyngs bee ſhorterre

*Baſtarde ande Curanne*

*Bas* Save thee Curanne

*Cur* Ande you Sir I have beene withe youre fathere

Ande givenne hymme Notyce
Thatte the Duke off Cornwalle ande Regan hys ducheſſe
Wille bee here with hymme thys nyghte
*Bas* Howe comes thatte
*Cur* Naye I Knowe notte you have hearde o the Newes
abroade of the eare buſſynge Arregumennts
*Bas* Notte I praye you whatte are theye
*Cur* You maye learnne ere longe farewelle Sir
*Bas* The duke bee here toe Nyghte the betterre beſte
Thyſſe weaves itteſelfe perforce intoe mye buſyneſſe
mye fatherre hath ſette guarde toe take mye brotherre
And I have oune thynge of a queaſye queſtyonne
Whiche I mſte acte briefeneſſe ande forretune helpe mee

*Edgarre*

Brotherre a worde O flye thys place
Deſcennde brotherre I faye mye fatherre watches
Innetellygence is givenne where you are hydde
You have the goode advantage of the Nyghte
Haſt thou notte ſpokenne gainſt the duke of Cornwalle
Knowſte thou notte hes comynge hytherre ith haſte

Ande Reganne withe hymme have you nothynge ſayd
Uponne youre partye gaynſt the duke of Albanye
Adviſe thyſelfe I ſaye
" *Edg.* I am ſure on't not a word.
" *Baſtard.* I heare my father comming, pardon
" me in craving, I
" muſt draw my ſword vpon you, ſeemme to de-
" fend your ſelfe, now
" quit you well, yeeld, come before my father,
" light heere, heere,
" flie brother flie, torches, torches, ſo farwell;
" ſome bloud drawne
" on me would beget opinion of my more fierce
" endeuor, I haue
" ſeene drunkards do more then this in ſport;
" father, father, ſtop,
" ſtop, no helpe?

" *Enter Gloceſter.*

" *Gloſt.* Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine;
" *Baſt.* Heere ſtood he in the darke, his ſharpe
" ſword out,
" warbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the
" Moone to ſtand his
" auſpicious Miſtris.
" *Gloſt.* But where is he?

" *Baſt.* Looke ſir, I bleed.
" *Gloſt.* Where is the villaine, *Edmund?*
" *Baſt.* Fled this way ſir, when by no means
" he coud————
" *Gloſt.* Purſue him, go after, by no meanes,
" what?
" *Baſt.* Perſwade me to the murder of your
" Lordſhip, but that
" I tolde him the reuengiue Gods, gainſt Paracides
" did all their
" thunders bend, ſpoke with how many fould
" and ſtrong a bond
" the child was bound to the father; ſir, in a fine,
" ſeeing how loth-
" ly oppoſite I ſtood to his vnnaturall purpoſe,
" with fell motion
" with his prepared ſword, he charges home my
" vnprouided bo-
" dy, launcht mine arme; but when he ſaw my
" beſt alarumd ſpirits
" bold in the quarrels right, rouzd to the en-
" counter, or whether
" gaſted by the noiſe I made, but ſodainly he
" fled.
" *Gloſt.* Let him flie farre, not in this Land
" ſhall he remaine vn-
" caught and found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke
" my maſter, my

" worthy Arch and Patron comes to night, by his
" authority I will
" proclaime it, that he which findes him ſhall
" deſerue our thankes,
" bringing the murderous caytiffe to the ſtake, he
" that conceales
" him, death.
" *Baſt.* When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
" and found him
" pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech I threatned to
" diſcouer him; he
" replied, Thou vnpoſſeſſing baſtard, doſt thou
" thinke, if I would
" ſtand againſt thee, could the repoſure of any truſt,
" vertue, or
" worth in thee make thy words faith'd? no:
" what I ſhould deny,
" as this I would, I, thogh thou didſt produce
" my very character,
" ide turne it all to thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and
" damned pretence, and
" thou muſt make a dullard of the world, if they
" not thought the
" profits of my death were very pregnant and
" potentiall ſpurres to
" make thee ſeeke it.
" *Gloſt.* Strong and faſtened villaine, would he
" deny his letter?

" I neuer got him: harke, the Dukes trumpets,
" I know not why he
" comes; all Ports ile barre, the villaine ſhall not
" ſcape, the Duke
" muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture I wil
" ſend far and neere,
" that all the kingdome may haue note of him,
" and of my land,
" (loyall and naturall boy) ile worke the meanes
" to make thee capable.

" *Enter the Duke of Cornwall.*

" *Corn.* How now my noble friend, ſince I
" came hether, which
" I can call but now, I haue heard ſtrange newes.
" *Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too
" ſhort which can
" purſue the offender; how doſt my Lord?
" *Gloſt.* Madam, my old heart is crakt, is
" crakt.
" *Reg.* What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke
" your life? he whom
" my father named your *Edgar?*
" *Gloſt.* I Lady, Lady, ſhame would haue it hid.
" *Reg.* Was he not companion with the ryotous
" Knights that
" tends vpon my father?

" *Gloſt.* I know not Madam, tis too bad,
" too bad.
" *Baſt.* Yes madam, he was.
" *Reg.* No maruaile then though he were ill
" affected,
" Tis they haue put him on the old man's death,
" To haue theſe—and waſte of this his reuenues :
" I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter
" Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch
" cautions,
" That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile
" not be there.
" *Duke.* Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan ; Edmund*, I
" heard that you haue
" ſhewne your father a child-like office.
" *Baſt.* Twas my duty ſir.
" *Gloſt.* He did betray his practice, and receiued
" This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.
" *Duke.* Is he purſued ?
" *Gloſt.* I my good Lord.
" *Duke.* If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be-
" feard of doing
" harme, make your owne purpoſe how in my
" ſtrength you pleaſe ;
" for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience
" doth this inſtant
" ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhalle be ours,
" natures of ſuch deep

" truſt, we ſhall much need, you we firſt ſeize on.
" *Baſt.* I ſhall ſerue you truely, how euer elſe.
" *Gloſt.* For him I thanke your Grace.
" *Duke.* You know not why we came to viſite
" you?
" *Regan.* Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke
" eide night,
" Occaſions noble *Gloceſter* of ſome prize,
" Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduice,
" Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
" Of defences, which I beſt thought it fit,"
Toe anſwerre fromme oure hande the ſeveralle
Meſſengers
Fromme hence attende dyſpatche oure goode oulde
freynde
Laye comforte toe youre biſomme ande beſtowe
Youre Needefulle conſaylle toe youre buſyneſſeſs
Whiche craves oure inſtaunte uſe
*Glo* I ſerve you Madamme youre Graces are
rygthe welcome 1060

*Kente ande Stewarde*

*Stew* Goode even toe thee freynde arte of the houſe
*Kente* I
*Stew* Were maye wee ſette oure horſes
*Kente* Inne the Mire
*Stew* Prithee an thou love mee telle mee

*Kente* I love thee notte
*Stew* Whye thenne I care notte forre thee
*Kente* Waſt butte inne Lipſburye Penfolde Ide make
thee care forre mee
*Stew* Wherefore doſt thou uſe mee thuſs I knowe thee
notte
*Kente* Fellowe I knowe thee
*Stew* Whatte doſt thou knowe mee forre
*Kente* A Knave a raſcalle who eates brokenne Meates
a baſe proude beggarrelye three ſhewtedde hundredde Pounde a whoreſonne Glaſſe a gazynge ſuperfynycalle
Rogue oune Trunke inneherytynge ſlave thatte woude bee a bawde inne waye off goode Service
ande arte noethynge butte the compoſytyonne of a Knave Cowarde
ande Panderre whome I wille beate intoe whynynge iffe thou
denye the ſmalleſte Syllable of the addytyonne
*Stew* Whye whatte a Monſtrous fellowe thou arte toe rayle onne
oune who knowes notte thee norre iſſe knowne of thee
*Kente* Brazenne facd Varlette doſt denye thou knowſt mee iſſe

notte butte two dayes ſynce I beate thee ande tript thee
before the Kyng drawe you Rogue though itte bee Nyghte
yette the Moon ſhynes thatte I maye a ſoppe offe thee
drawe you whoreſon cullye drawe
*Stew* Awaye I have noethynge toe doe with thee
*Kente* Drawe I ſaye thou haſt Letterres agaynſt the Kynge
ande take Vanytye the Puppetts parte agaynſt the Royaltye
of therre fatherre drawe orre Ile ſoe Carbonadoe youre
ſhankes drawe thenne I ſaye
*Stew* Helpe ho Mirtherre Helpe

*Enterre Edmunde Gloſterre duke ande ducheſſe*

*Bas* Howe nowe whatts the Matterre
*Kente* Withe you goodman boye ile fleaſhe you mye younge Maſterre
*Duke* Peace onne youre lives he dies thatte ſtrykes agayne
*Reg* The Meſſengerre fromme oure Syſterre ande the Kynge
*Duke* Whats youre difference ſpeake

*Stew* Im ſcarce inne breathe mye Lorde

*Kente* Noe marvaile notte thou haſt ſoe beſtird thye

Valoure thatte Nature declaymes inne thee the Taylorre

*Duke* Thou arte a ſtraunge fellowe a Taylorre make a Manne

*Kente* Sir a Stone Cutterre orre a Paynterre coud notte ha made

hymme ſoe ille hadde he workd butte oune houre

*Glos* Speake howe grewe the quarrelle

*Stew* Thys ancyente Ruffyan Sir whoſe life I ſpard atte

ſuite of hys greye Bearde

*Kente* O Thou Whoreſon Zedde thou unneceſſarye Letterre

if you wille give mee leave mye Lorde Ile treade thys Villayne intoe waterre ande daube the Walls of a Jaques with hymme ſpare mye greye

Bearde you Wagtayle

*Duke* Peace beaſtlye Knave thou haſte noe Reverāunce

*Kente* Yeſſe butte angerre has a Pryvyledge

*Duke* Whye arte angrye I ſaye

*Kente* That ſuch a ſlave as thys ſhoud weare a Sworde

Thatte weares noe honeſtye ſuche ſmylynge
Rogues as thee
Like Ratts nibble thoſe Cordes inne twaine
Whiche are toe intrenche ande looſſen everye
ſmooth Paſſyon
Thatte inne the Natures of theyre Lordes rebelle
Knowinge noughte like dayes butte followinge
Eache puffye gale ande varye of theyre Maſ-
terres
Smoile you mye Speeches as I were a folle
Gooſe if I hadde thee on Sarum Playne
Ide ſende thee Cacklynge home toe Camulette.
*Duke* Saye arte Mad olde fellowe
*Glos* How fell you oute ſaye thatte
*Kente* Noe contraryes holde ſuche difference as
I ande ſuche a Knave
*Duke* Werefore doſte call hymme Knave
whats hys Offence
*Kente* Hys countenaunce lykes mee notte
*Duke* Noe nore perchaunce dothe minne orre hers
*Kente* Sir tis mye occupatyonne to bee Playne
I have ſeene betterre faces inne mye Daye
Thanne ſtands onne anye Shoulderre thatte I ſee
Nowe before mee atte thys inſtaunte
*Duke* Thys is a fellowe who havynge beene
ofte prayſde
Forre bluntneſſe dothe affecte a ſaucye ruffeneſſe
Noe ſooth hee cannotte flatterre hee muſte bee
playne

Hee muſte ſpeake truthe ande theye wille take itte ſoe
Iffe hees notte playne theſe kynde of Knaves I knowe
Whiche inne thys playnneſſe has boure more crafte ande far more corrupte Endes thenne twentye fillye duckynge
obſervaunts thatte ſtretche theyre dutyes nicelye
*Kente* Sir inne goode ſoothe
Underre the allowaunce of youre greate Aſpecte
Whoſe innefluence lyke the wreathe of radyente fire
Glytterynge fromme Phebus fronte
*Duke* Whatte meanſt thou bye thys
*Kente* Toe goe fromme mye dyalogue whiche you didde
muche dyſcommende Sir I amme noe flattererre hee thatte beguilde you with ſmoothe accente was a playne Knave which parte I wille notte acte though I ſhoud winne youre dyſpleaſure
*Duke* Wats the offence you gave hymme
*Stew* I nere gave hymme anye itte pleaſd the Kynge hys Maſterre
Verye late toe ſtrike atte mee uponne hys miſconſtructyonne
Wenne hee conjunct ande flatterynge hys dyſpleaſure
Tript mee behynde beynge downe inſultedde raylde ande putte onne hymme ſoe muche o the Manne

Thatte worthyedde hymme ande gotte hymme
prayſes o the Kynge
Ande forre the Attempte of thys hys ſofte ſubdud
exployte
Drewe oune mee here agayne
*Kente* Nonne O theſe Rogues ande fooles butte
Ajax is theyre Knave
*Duke* Whatte ho the ſtocks
You ſtubborne Miſcreante you unreverente bragarte
Welle teache you
*Kente* I am toe oulde to learne calle notte youre
Stocks for mee
I ſerve the Kynge onne whoſe Employmentes I was
ſente toe you
You ſhould doe ſmalle reſpecte toe mye Maſterre
Stoppynge thus hys Graces Meſſengerre
*Duke* Fetche forthe the ſtockes
As I have life ande honoure there ſhalle ſitte tille
Noone
*Reg* Tille Nyghte mye Lorde ande alle Nyghte
toe
*Kente* If I were youre fatherres dog Madam
You coud notte uſe mee ſoe
*Reg* Sir beynge hys Knave thenne I wille
*Duke* Thys is a fellowe o the Nature oure Sif-
terre ſpeakes of
*Glos* Lette mee beſeeche youre Grace notte to
doe ſoe

Hys faulte is muche ande the goode Kynge hys
Maſterre
Wille checke hymme fort thys ſuche meane
Correctyonne
As moſte common treſpaſſes are punyſht withe
The Kynge muſte take itte ille thatte hes ſoe
ſlyghtlye valud
Iffe you hys Meſſenger ſhould have thus reſtraynd
*Duke* Ile anſwerre thatte
*Reg* Mye Siſterre wille receive itte ſtille muche
worſe
Toe have her Gentlemanne abuſd aſſaultedde
For followinge her affayres putte inne hys leggs
Come mye Lorde awaye
*Glos* I amme ſorrye forre thee freynde tis the
Dukes pleaſure
Whoſe dyſpoſytyonne alle the worlde welle knowes
Wille notte bee rubd norre ſtopt yette Ile intreate
for thee
*Kente* doe notte I praye you Sir I have watcht
ande travayled harde
Some tyme I wille ſleepe the reſte Ile whiſtle
For a goodmanns fortune Sir maye growe oute
ats heels
Give you goode Morrowe Sir
*Glos* Inne thys innedeede the Dukes toe blame
An I feare twille bee butte ille looke

*Kente* Goode Kynge thatte muſte approve the
common ſawe
Who oute of Heavens benedyctyonne comeſte
Toe the warme Sunne
Approache thou teacon toe thys unnederre Globe
Thatte bye thye alle radyaunte beames I maye
Peruſe thys Letterre ſcarce noethynge ſees mye
wracke
Butte Miſerye I knowe tis fromme Cordelya
Who mouſte haplye hath beene informed
Of mye obſcurd Courſe ande ſhalle fynde tyme
From thys enormous ſtate ſeekynge to give
Loſſes theyre remedyes alle wearye ande oere watcht
Take vantage Heavye Eyes notte toe beholde
Thys ſhameful lodgynge Farewelle fortune
Smyle ande turne thye weele ounce more

*Edgarre*

I heare myeſelfe proclaymed
Ande bye the happye hollow of a Tree
Eſcapt the hunte Noe place noe porte is free
Thatte guarde ande mouſte unneuſvalle Vigylaunce
Doſt notte attende mye takynge while I maye ſcape
I have beethoughte ande wille preſerve myeſelfe
Bye takynge the baſeſte ande pooreſte ſhape
Thatte everre penurye inne contempte of Manne

Broughte neere toe beaſte Mye face Ile grime with filthe
Blankette mye loynes twiſte alle mye hayre in Knottes
Ande inne Adam lyke Nakeddeneſſe oute face
The Winde ande perſecutyonne o the Skye
Thys Countrye gives mee proofe ande preſydente
Of Bedlam Beggars thatte withe roarynge voyces
Ande horrid blows numbered onne theyre lymes
Sometyme with lunatycke banns ande thenne with Prayeres
Enforce theyre Charytye poore poore Tom poore Edgarre
Thatte innedeede is ſomethynge I amme noethynge

*Kynge ande Knyghte*

*Leare* Tis ſtraunge they ſhoulde thus departe from hence
Ande notte ſende backe mye Meſſengerre
*Knygthe* I dydde heare the Nyghte before there was
Noe purpoſe of hys remove
*Kente* Alle hayle toe thee noble Maſterre
*Leare* How makſt thou thys ſhame thye paſtyme
*Foole* Ha Ha looke he weares crewelle Garterres
Horſes are tyde bye the Heels dogs ande beares
Bye the Necke Munkyes bye the loynes ande Menne

Bye the Legs whenne hees ſomewhatte over luſtye
Thenne he weares woodenne neatherre Stockes
*Leare* Whats hee thatte hathe thye place ſoe muche miſtooke
Toe ſette thee here
*Kente* Tis bothe hee ande ſhee youre Sonne ande daughterre
*Leare* Noe
*Kente* Yes
*Leare* Noe I ſaye
*Kente* I ſaye Yea
*Leare* Noe noe they woulde notte Itte cannotte bee
*Kente* Agayne I ſaye tis evenne ſoe
*Leare* Bye Jupiterre I ſweare noe they durſt notte do itte
Suche outrage is worſe thanne murderre
Reſolve mee withe alle modeſte haſte whiche waye
Thou mayſt deſerve or they purpoſe thys uſage
Commynge fromme uſſe
*Kente* Whenne atte theyre houre my Lorde
I didde commende youre hyghneſſe Letterres toe them
Eere I was riſenne fromme the place thatte ſhewedde
Mye dutye Kneelynge came there a reekynge Poſte
Stewd in hys haſte halfe breathleſſe pantynge forthe
Salutatyonnes fromme Gonerylle hys Miſtreſſe

Thenne produced Letterres whiche they ſoon oere reade
Strayghte ſummoned uppe theyre Menne ande tooke horſe
Commanded mee toe followe ande attende the leyſure
Of theyre Anſwerre gave mee colde looks
Ande Meetynge here the otherre Meſſengerre
Whoſe Errande I perceyvd had poyſond myne
Beynge the ſelfe ſame fellowe who of late
Dyſplayd ſoe ſawcylye agaynſt youre hyghneſſe
Havynge more Manne thanne Witte drewe
He rayſd the houſe youre Sonne ande daughterre
Founde thys faulte worthe the ſhame whiche here it ſufferres
*Leare* O howe thys Motherre ſwels uppe towarde mye hearte
Hiſtorica Paſſio—down thou clymynge Sorrowe
Thye Elementes belowe where iſſe thy daughterre
*Kente* Withinne the Earle Sir withinne
*Leare* follow notte butte ſtaye theyre
*Knyghte* Made you noe more offence thanne thatte you ſpeake of
*Kente* Noe
How chaunce the Kynge has ſoe ſmalle a trayne
*foole* Hadſt beene ſette ithe ſtocks forre thatte Queſtyonne
Thou hadſt welle deſervd itte

*Kente* Whye foole

*foole* Wele ſende thee toe an Ante whol teache thee
theyres noe labourynge ithe Winterre Alle thatte
followe theyre Noſes are ledde bye theyre Eyes Whenne
a greate wheele paces downe the hille looſe thye holde
leaſte itte breake thye Necke inne the followinge itte
butte whenne itte mounte the hille eene thenne lette
itte drawe thee Whenne a wiſe Man gives thee betterre
counſelle give mee mine agayne Id ha none butte
Knaves followe itte ſince a foole gives itte
Thatte Manne who ſerves for gayne
Ande followes butte forre forme
Wille packe whenne itte begynnes toe rayne
Ande leave thee ithe Storme
Butte I wille tarrye the foole wille ſtaye
Ande lette the wiſe Manne flye
The Knaves turnes foole thatte runnes awaye
Thenne foole noe Knave perdye

*Kente* Where learnte you thys

*foole* Notte ithe Stockes

*Leare ande Gloſterre*

*Leare* Denye toe ſpeake withe mee thare ſycke ande wearye
Theye traveld harde toe Nyghte paltrye juggle
Tis notte ſoe whatte revolte ande flynge offe
Fetche mee a betterre anſwerre
*Glos* Mye deareſte Lorde
You knowe the fierye Qualytye of the Duke
How immoveablye fixt he iſſe ins courſe
*Leare* Deathe ande confuſyonne
Whatte fierye Qualytye whye Gloſterre
Gloſterre I ſaye where is the Duke of Cornwalle
The Kynge woud ſpeake with Cornwalle the deare fatherre
Woulde withe hys daughterre ſpeake commands her ſervice
*Glos* Aye mye goode Lorde
*Leare* Fierye Duke telle the hotte duke thatte Leare
Naye butte notte yette may bee hee iſs notte welle
Innefirmytye doth ſtille negleƈte alle iſſue where toe oure healthe
Is bounde wee are notte oureſelves whenne nature beynge oppreſte
Commands the Mynde toe ſufferre withe the bodye Ile forbeare

Ande am fallen oute withe mye more heavyerre wille
Toe take the innedyſpoſedde ande ſycklye ſitte forre the ſounde Manne
Deathe onne mye ſtate wherefore ſhould he ſitte here
Thys acte perſwades mee thatte thys emotyonne
Offe the Duke ande herre is practiſe onelye
Give me mye Servaunte foorthe Telle the duke ands wife
Ile ſpeake withe themme ande preſentlye too
Bidde themme come forthe Orre atte theyre Chamberre doore
Ile beate mye drumme tille itte crye ſleepe toe deathe

*Duke ande Reganne*

*Leare* Goode Morrowe toe you bothe
*Duke* Alle hayle toe youre Grace
*Reg* I amme gladde toe ſee youre hyghneſſe
*Leare* I doe thynke you are I knowe whatte reaſonne
I have toe thynke ſoe anne thou ſhoudſt notte bee gladde
I woud divorce thee fromme thy Motherres Wombe
Ande ſaye the Motherre was an Adultreſſe
Thye Siſterre is naughte O Reganne ſhe hath tiedde
Sharpe toothd unnekyndneſſe lyke a Vulture here

I ſcarce canne ſpeake toe thee thoult notte believe
Of whatte baſe qulytye ſhe is O Reganne
*Reg* Praye you Sir take Patyence I have hope
You leſſe knowe how to Value herre deſerte
Thanne ſhe toe ſlacke inne dutye
*Leare* Saye howe is thatte
*Reg* I cannotte thynke mye Syſterre ithe leaſte
Woud ſlacke inne dutye ande oblygatyonne
*Leare* Mye Curſes onne herre
*Reg* O Conſydderre Sir you are oulde
Nature inne you ſtands onne the verye verge ande confyne
You ſhould bee ruld ande led bye ſome dyſcretyonne
Thatte dycernes youre ſtate betterre the you canne
Toe oure Syſterre thenne wee doe praye you make retturne
Ande ſaye thatte you have wrongd herre
*Leare* Whatte dŏſt ſaye aſke herre forregiveneſſe
Marke you how woud thys become the houſe
I doe confeſſe deare Reganne thatte I amme oulde
Onne mye Knees thenne I begge thatte youl vouchſafe
Toe give mee thys Nyghte bedde foode ande Raymente
*Reg* Good Sir noe more theſe are unnefittynge trickes
therefore wee praye you goe backe toe oure Syſterre

*Leare* Noe Reganne Neverre Neverre
She hathe abatedde mee of halfe mye trayne
Lookt blacke uponne mee ſtrucke mee with herre tongue
Moſte ſerpente lyke uponne mye verye hearte
Maye alle the ſtord vengeance of Heavene falle
Onne herre ungratefulle toppe ſtryke herre younge bones
You Ayres thatte ſtrike withe lameneſſe
You nimble lyghtnynges darte youre blindyng flames
Intoe herre ſcornfulle Eies You fenne ſuckd Foggs
Drawne bye the powerrefulle heate of the ſunne
Innefecte herre Beautye ande blaſte herre pride
*Duke* O ſye Sir
*Reg* O the bleſte Gods youl wiſh ſoe onne mee
When the raſhe Moode takes
*Leare* Noe Reganne thou ſhalt neverre ha mye Curſe
Herre Eies are feirce butte thine doe comforte mee
Noe Nature ſhalt notte give toe thee mye
Tis notte inne thee toe grudge mye Pleaſure
Toe cutte offe mye trayne ande uſe haſtye Wordes
Ande inne Concluſyonne to oppoſe the Bolte
Agaynſt mye comynge inne thou betterre knowſt
The offyces of Nature bonde of Childhoode
Effects offe Curteſye due offe Gratytude
Thy halfe offe thys Kyngdomme haſt forregotte

Twas I thatte endowedde thee withe itte
Butte who waſt thatte putte mye ithe Stockes

*Stewarde comes forrewarde*

*Duke* Whatte Trumpettes thatte
*Reg* I knowt toe bee mye Syſterres
Bye Letterre ſhe ſayde ere longe ſhe woud bee here
Iſſe youre Ladye comme
*Leare* Thys iſſe the Slave whoſe eaſye borrowd pryde
Dwels ithe fyckle Grace offe herre hee followes
Oute Varlette fromme mye Syghte 1490
*Corn* Whatte meanes youre grace

*Gonnerylle*

*Leare* Who commes here hyde mee kynde heavennes I praye
Iffe you doe love oulde Menne make itte youre Cauſe
Sende downe ande take mye parte
Arte notte aſhamd to looke uponne thys bearde
Whatte Reganne wilt thou take herre bye the hande
*Gon* Whye notte Sirre
How have I offendedde alls notte offence
Thatte Innedyſcretyonne ande dotage termes ſoe 1500

*Leare* O ſydes you are toe toughe wille you ſtylle houlde
Agayne how came mye Manne ithe Stockes
*Duke* I ſette hymme there butte hys owne diſ-orrederres
Deſervd muche leſſe advancemente
*Leare* You whatte waſt you
*Reg* I praye you fatherre beynge weake ſceme ſoe
Iffe tylle the expyratyonne offe youre Moneth
You wille retturne ande ſojourne withe mye Syſterre
Diſbandynge halfe youre trayne comme thenne toe mee [1510
Beynge nowe fromme home ande oute of Plentye
Whiche iſſe needefulle ſorre *youre* entertaynemente
*Leare* Retturne toe herre ande fiftye Menne dyſmyſt
Noe ratherre I abjure Alle roofes ande chuſe
Toe wage agaynſt the enmytye o the Ayre
Toe bee aſs Comrade withe the Wolfe ande Owle
Whye the hotte bloode of Fraunce thatte dowerreleſſe
Tooke hence oure youngeſte borne I coud bee broughte
Toe Knee hys Throne ande ſqure lyke penſyonne begge
Toe Keepe baſe life a foote thanne retturne withe herre
Perſwade mee ratherre toe bee a ſlave ande Sumpter
Toe Thys deteſtedde Gromme 1520

*Gon* Atte youre Choyce Sir
*Leare* Nowe praye you daughterre doe notte make mee madde
I wille notte trouble thee mye Chylde Farewelle
Welle noe more meete noe more ſee oune anotherre
Stille arte thou mye bloode mye Fleſhe ande daughterre
Or ratherre a diſeaſe thats inne mye fleſhe
Whiche I muſte needs calle myne thou arte a Byle
A Plague ſore ande inboſſedde Carbuncle
Inne mye corruptedde Bloode butte Ile notte chyde thee
Lette ſhame come whenne itte wille I doe notte calle itte
I doe notte bydde the Thunderres beare ſhoote
Norre telle tales of thee toe hygh judgynge Jove
Mende whenne thou canſt be betterre atte the Leyſure
I wille bee patyente ande wille ſtaye withe Reganne
Aye myſelfe ande mye hundredde Knyghtes
*Reg* Yette notte ſoe Sir I looke notte forre you yette
Norre have I thatte whiche befyttes youre welcome
Therefore praye you give Eare toe mye Syſterre toe thoſe
Thatte myngle reaſonne withe youre paſſyonne
Naye bee contente ande thynke thatte you are oulde
Believe mee Sir ſhe knowes welle thatte ſhe does

*Leare* O Reg iffe thys welle ſpokenne
*Reg* I dare avouche itte Sir fiftye followerres
Are welle enoughe wherefore ſhoud you neede more
Yea orre foe manye ſythe thatte bothe charge ande dangerre
Speakes gaynſt thatte Numberre forre howe ſhoud foe manye
Inne oune houſe ande underre two dyſtynct commandes
Holde Amytye tis harde almoſte impoſſyble
*Gon* Whye notte mye goode Lorde receive attendaunce
Fromme thoſe whome ſhe calls Servaunts orre fromme myne
*Reg* Aye thou ſithe trewelye whye notte mye Lorde
Wee canne controule themme iffe you comme toe mee
forre nowe I ſpye a dangerre I entreate you
Toe brynge butte five ande twentye toe noe more
Wille I give place orre coutenaunce
*Leare* I gave you alle
*Reg* Aye ande inne goode tyme you gave toe
*Leare* Made you mye Guardyans mye depoſytaryes
Butte kepte a reſervatyonne toe bee followedde
With ſuche a Numberre whatte muſte I come toe you
Withe five ande twentye Reganne ſayde you foe

*Reg* Aye ande ſpeakt agayne mye Lorde
*Leare* Thoſe wickeddde Creatures yette doe ſeeme welle favourd
Whenne otherres are more wickedde Notte beynge the worſte
Standes inne ſome ranke offe prayſe Ile goe withe thee
Thye fiftye dothe ſtylle double five ande twentye
Thou arte innedeede twice herre love
*Gon* Heare mee mye Lorde
Whye neede you five ande twentye tenne orre five
Toe followe inne a houſe where twice the numberre
Have commande toe tende you
*Reg* Naye whatte needes oune
*Leare* O reaſonne notte the deede oure baſeſte Beggarres
Are inne the pooreſte thynge ſuperrefluouſe
Give notte ſweete Nature more thanne nature needes
Mans life ande beaſtes are equalle inne cheapeneſſe
Iffe onelye toe goe warme were gorgeouſe
Thenne Nature needes butte halfe the Ladye weares
Heavennes give mee meeke patyence I lacke itte
You ſee mee here Ye Gods a poore a poore oulde Manne
Aſſe fulle offe griefe as age wretchedde inne bothe
Iffe itte bee you thatte ſtirre Mye daughterres heartes

Agaynſte theyre fatherre foole mee notte too muche
Toe beare itte tamelye touche mee withe angerre
O lette notte Womennes weaponnes waterre droppes
Stayne mye Mannes cheekes Noe ye unneturalle haggs
I wille poure downe ſuche Revenge onne ye bothe
Thatte alle the World ſhalle—Ile doe ſuche thynges
Whatte they are yette I knowe notte butte theye ſhalle bee
The terrorres o the Earthe you thynke Ile weepe
Noe Ile notte though I have fulle cauſe of weepynge
Butte thys mye hearte ſhalle breake inne a thouſande ſlawes
Eyre I wille weepe O foole foole I ſhalle goe Madde
[*Leare Kente Gloſterre ande foole goe oute*
*Duke* Lets withdrawe twille bee a Storme
*Reg* Thys houſe is lyttle the oulde Manne ands People
Cannotte bee welle beſtowedde
*Gon* Tis hys owne blame hathe putte hymme fromme reſte [1600
*Reg* Thenne hee muſte needes taſte hys follye
Forre hymſelfe I wille receyve hymme gladlye
Butte notte oune followerre
*Duke* Soe ſtandes the Matterre withe mee
Butte where iſſe mye Lorde of Gloſterre

*Gloſterre*

*Glos* The Kynge is inne hygh Rage
Ande wille I knowe notte whetherre
*Reg* Thenne give hymme waye hele leade hymſelfe
*Gon* Entreate hymme notte mye Lorde to ſtaye
*Glo* Alacke the Nyghte comes onne ande the bleake Windes
Doe forelye ruffelle forre manye a Myle aboute
Theyres neytherre hedge norre wille ſerve forre coverte
*Reg* O Sir toe wilfulle Menne
The injuryes they themmeſelves doe procure
Muſte ſerve themme forre Schoole Maſterres ſhutte the doors
He iſſe attendedde withe a deſperate trayne
Ande whatte theye maye prompte hymme too beynge apte
Toe have Eare abuſd Wiſdomme byddes uſſe feare

*Kente ande Gentlemanne*

*Kente* Whatte iſſe theyre here beſydes foule Weatherre
*Gent* Oune myndedde lyke the Weatherre
Mouſte ſowerre ande unnequiettelye

*Kente* I knowe thee wheres the Kynge
*Gent* Contendynge withe the fretfulle Elemente
Who byddes the Wynde blowe Earthe intoe Sea
Orre ſwelle the curledde waterres bove the Mayne
Thatte thyngs maye change orre ceaſe teares hys white hayre
Whiche the impetuouſe blaſts with Eyeleſſe Rage
Catche inne theyre furye ande make a nothynge of
Strives inne hys lyttle worlde of Manne toe oute ſcorne
The adverſe Wynde ande rayne Unnebonnetedde
He runnes Ande byddes whatte wille take alle
*Kente* Butte who iſſe withe hymme
*Gent* None ſave the foole who labourres toe oute jeſte
Hys hearte ſtrooke innejuryes
*Kente* Sir I doe knowe you
Ande wille commende a deare thynge toe you
Theyre iſſe dyvyſyonne though itte bee cladde
Withe mutualle cunnynge twixte Alb ande Cornwalle
Ande fromme Fraunce mouſte ſure theyre comes a powerre
Intoe thys oure ſeatteredde Kyngdomme
Theye have ſecrette foe inne ſome of oure Pourtes
Ande wille ſhowe uſſe ere longe theyre Bannerre
Make ſpeede therefore toe Doverre theyre you ſhalle fynde

Some who wille thanke you makynge juſte Reporte
Offe the ryghte Cauſe oure Kynge hathe offe Playnte
*Gent* Ile ſpeake fartherre withe you
*Kente* Naye doe notte butte take thys Purſe contaynes
Thenne if you chance toe ſee Cordelya
Ande I doubte notte butte you ſhalle ſhew thys Ryng
Thenne ſhe wille telle you whou the fellowe iſſe
Toe whome thou ſpeakſt ande doſt notte as yette knowe
O fye onne thys Storme Ile goe ſeeke the Kynge
*Gent* Give mee thy hande haſt naughte more toe ſaye
*Kente* Butte fewe wordes yette more thanne alle yette
Thatte whenne the goode Kynge bee founde
The luckyerre hounde o the two
Shalle hollowe the otherre

*Leare ande foole*

*Leare* Blowe Windes and cracke youre cheeks Rage Blowe
You Caterackes ande Hurycanoes ſpoute
Tylle you have drenchd the Steeples drownd the Cocks
You ſulpherouſe ande thoughte executynge fires

You Oake cleavynge thunderre Boltes ſinge mye white heade
Thou alle ſhakynge Thunderre ſtryke flatte ande make voyde
The vaſte ande thycke routundytye o the Worlde
*Cracke* Natures Moulde all Germayne ſpille at ounce
Thatte forms ungratefulle ande deteſtedde Manne
*foole* O Nunckle Courte holye Waterre inne a drye houſe
Tis betterre thanne rayne waterre oute a doore
Inne goode Nunckle ande aſke forre a Bleſſynge
Forre thys iſſe a Nyghte indeede thatte pittyes
Neytherre the heade of Age norre thatte of follye
*Leare* Grumble thy Belly fulle ſpitte fire ſpoute Rayne
Norre thunderre fire Rayne Winde are mye daughterres
Noe Noe tis notte you I taſke withe unnekyndneſſe
I dyvydedde notte twixt you mye Kyngdomme
You owe mee noe ſubſcryptyonne whye thenne lette falle
Youre horryble pleaſure ande heare I ſtande
A weake innefyrme and deſpyſedde oulde Manne
Yette are ye butte poore ſervile miniſterres
Thatte joyne withe two pernycyouſe daughterres
Agaynſte a heade ſoe oulde ande white O tis foule

*foole* Hee thatte has a houſe toe putte hys heade inne
Has innedeede a mouſte excellente heade peace
Thatte manne who makes hys toe whenne he hys hearte ſhould make
Shalle have a Corne crye woe ande turne hys ſleepe toe wake
Forre neverre yette was there fayre Woemanne
Butte ſhe made Mouthes ithe Glaſſe
*Leare* Noe Ile bee a Patterne of Virtue ande Patyence
Ande ſaye nothynge

*Kente*

*Kente* Whos there
*foole* Marrye heares Grace ande a Cod peece
Thats bothe wiſe manne ande foole
*Kente* Alas mye Liege ist you here
Thoſe who love Nyghtes love themme notte ſuche as theſe
Synce I was Manne ſuche ſheetes offe lividde fire
Suche burſtes of thunderre and ſuche groanes of Winde ande Rayn
I remnemberre notte toe have hearde
*Leare* Lette the greate Gods who thunderre oere oure heades
Fynde theyre Enemyes nowe tremble thou wretche

Thatte haſt withinne thee undyvulgedde Crymes
Hyde thee thou bloudye hande unwhypte of Juſtice
Thou Sycophante diſſemblerre of Virtewe
Ande convenyente ſeemynge thatte practyſedde
Cloſe pente uppe guiltes onne credulouſe Mens lives
Rive youre concealedde Centerres ande begge Grace
Offe theſe Greate ande thunderynge Summonerres
Butte I amme oune more ſynnd agaynſt thenne ſynnyng

*Kente* Whatte beare headedde mye moſte grayaſouſe Lorde
Harde bye here is a hovelle ſome frendeſhyppe
Gaynſt thys rude unnecyville tempeſte wille itte lende
Repoſe you here whylſt Ile toe thys harde houſe
More harde innedeede thanne thatte whereoffe tis rayſd
Whiche evenne butte nowe denyd mee toe come inne
Whenne aſkynge afterre you

*Leare* O mye Witte gins toe maddenne
Come onne mye Boye howe doſt mye Boye arte colde
I amme coulde myeſelfe Where is the ſtrawe goode fellowe
Tis ſtrange howe oure neceſſytyes canne make
The vileſte thynges the mouſte precyouſe
Foole and Knave ſhowe mee thenne thye poore hovelle

Oune Cornerre of mye hearte yette ſorrowes forre thee

*foole* He thatte has a lyttle tyne Witte
Withe a heyghe hoe the winde ande the Rayne
Muſte make connetente withe hys forretunes fytte
Forre the Rayne itte Raynethe everye a Daye

*Gloſterre ande Edmunde*

*Glos* Alacke Alacke Edmunde I lyke notte thys
Whenne I deſyrd theyre leave toe pittye hymme
Theye tooke fromme mee the uſe of myne owne houſe
Stryct chargd mee onne payne offe theyre diſpleaſure
Neytherre toe ſpeake orre anye waye ſuſtayne hymme
*Edm* Mouſte Savage ande unnenaturelle
*Glo* Goe toe ande ſaye you noethynge
Theres a dyvyſyonne twixt the Dukes
Ande worſe thannethatte forre I have receyvedde
A Letterre whiche I have lockt inne mye Cloſette
Theſe innejuryes the Kynge beares wille bee revengd
Forre parte of a Powerre is nowe Landedde
Ande tis fytte wee doe inclyne toe the Kynge
Ile ſeeke hymme ande privatelye releeve hymme
Goe you ande houlde conference withe the Duke

Thatte thys mye Charytye bee notte perceyvedde
The Kynge mye oulde Maſterre ſhalle be releivedde
Theres ſomewhatte ſtrange towarde Edg praye bee carefulle
*Bas* Thys Courteſye fromme thee toe thee oulde Kynge
Shalle the Duke knowe ande of the Letterre too
Thys ſeemes a fayre deſervynge ande muſte drawe
Thatte toe myeſelfe whiche mye fatherre loſes
Whiche is naughte more or leſſe thanne alle
Thus doe younge riſe whenne the oulde doe falle

*Leare Kente ande Foole*

*Kente* Heres the place mye goode Lorde praye you enterre
Thys Nyghtes toe ruffe forre Nature toe 'innedure
*Leare* Lette mee alone
*Kente* Praye you mye goode Lorde enterre
*Leare* Wilt breake mye hearte
*Kente* Heavennes witneſſe
I hadde rathere breake mine owne
*Leare* Thynkſt thou tis muche thatte thys relenteleſſe Storme
Innevades uſſe toe the Skynne tis ſoe toe thee
Butte where the greaterre Malydye iſſe fyxte

The leſſerre iſſe ſcarce felte thou woudſt ſhunne a Beare
Butte iffe thye flyghte laye towarde the ragynge Sea
Thoudſt meete the Beare ithe Mouthe whenne the Mynds free
The Bodys delycate the tempeſte inne mye Mynde
Dothe fromme mye Sences take alle feelynge elſe
Save vile ande venemouſe innegratytude
Iſt notte as iffe thys Mouthe ſhoud teare thys Hande
Forre liftynge foode tot butte I wille punyſh yette
Ande weepe noe more inne ſuche a Nyghte as thys
O Reganne Gonerylle youre oulde fatherre
Whoſe Hearte lyke openne Charytye gave you alle
O lette mee ſhunne thatte forre there Madneſſe lyes
O ile notte there noe noe

*Kente* Naye goode mye Lorde enterre

*Leare* Prethee goe inne ande ſeeke thyne owne eaſe

Thys Tempeſte wills notte thatte I doe ponderre
Onne thyngs would hurte mee more butte Ile goe inne
Poore nakedde wretches where ſoe ere you are
Thatte byde the Peltynge o thys Pityleſſe Nyghte
Howe ſhalle youre houſe leſſe heads ande unfedde ſydes

Youre loopt ande raggedde Garmentes defende you
Fromme Seaſonnes ſuche as theſe O I have tayne
Toe lyttle care o thys take Phyſyck Pompe
Expoſe thyeſelfe toe feele *thatte* wretches feele
Thatte thou mayſt poure onne themme thye Superfluxe
Ande ſhewe the heavennes more juſte
*foole* Come notte here Nunckle heres a Spiritte
O ſave mee helpe mee
*Kente* Thou doſt crye afore thou arte hurte
Butte give mee thye hande who is there
*foole* A Spirytte oune thatte ſays hys Names poore Tom
*Kente* Whatte arte thou thatte doſt grumble ithe Strawe
Comme fourthe I ſaye ande anſwerre ſtrayghte
*Edg* Awaye the foule feynde followes mee
Through the ſharpe Hawthorne blowe the Windes
Hum goe toe thye coulde Bedde ande warme thee
*Leare* Dydſt give alle toe thye Daughterres
Ande arte comme toe thys atte laſte
*Edg* Who iſt thatte gives anye thynge toe poore Tom
Whome the feynde hathe ledde through fyre ande flame
Ore Sworde ore Bogge ore whirlpoole ande Quagmyre

Layde Knives ins Pillowe ande Halterres ins Pue
Made hymme proude of hearte toe ryde onne a Baye trotterre
Hathe myngledde Ratſbayne withe hys Porrydge
Ande vaynlye courſe hys fantaſtyck Shadowe
O Toms a colde O doe de dee de doe
O Bleſſe you fromme Whirle Winde ande Starre blaſtynge
Doe poore Tom Charytye whome the feynde vexes
Nowe nowe coud I ha hymme there and there agayne
*Leare* Whatte ande ha thye daughterres broughte thee toe thys paſſe
Whatte couldſt ſave noethynge woudſt give themme alle
*foole* Naye Butte hee kepte hys Blankette 1810
Elſe wee hadde alle beene ſhamd
*Leare* Nowe maye alle thoſe Plagues thatte hange ithe Ayre
Ande gore Menns faults lyghte onne thye daughterres
*Kente* He hathe noe daughterres mye goode Sir
*Leare* Deathe I ſaye noethynge coud ha ſubdud Nature
Toe ſuche lowneſſe ſave hys kyndleſſe daughterres
Iſt thenne the faſhyonne thatte dyſcardedde fatherres
Should have ſoe lyttle mercye onne theyre fleſhe

Judycyouſe Sentaunce twas thys fleſhe begotte
thoſe Pelycanne daughterres
*Edg* Pyllycocke ſatte onne Pyllycocke Hille alloo alloe loo loo
*foole* Thys Nyghte ſoe coulde ſoe rawe I feare
Toe fooles wille turne bothe Kente ande Leare
Twoe are alreadye ande twoe moure
Wille turne the twoe thenne intoe foure
*Edgar* Take heede o the foule feynde obeye thye Parentes
Keepe thye worde ande Whore withe Mans ſworne Spouſe
Decke notte thye ſweete hearte inne proude arraye
Leaſte otherre Meenne falle a lovynge Toms a Colde
*Leare* Whatte haſt thou beene
*Edg* A Sevyngmanne proude inne hearte and mynde
Thatte curld myne hayre ande wore Gloves inne mye Cappe
Oune thatte ſtepte inne the contryvynge of Luſte
Ande wakd toe doe the Acte of Darkneſſe
Wine lovd I dearelye ande dyce too dearlye
Falſe of hearte lyghte of Eare Bloodye handedde
Hogge inne ſlothe Foxe inne ſtealth Wolfe inne Greedyneſſe
Lette notte Womans Sylkes betraye thy poore hearte
Keepe foole oute a Brothells hands oute a Placketts

Thye Penne fromme Lenderres bookes defye the foule feynde
Stylle throughe the hawthorne blowes the Colde bleake winde
Mumm Mumm Nonnye Dolphynne boye lette hymme trotte bye
*Leare* Thou werte betterre ithye Grave thenne thus toe anſwerre
Withe bodye bare before the innelemente heavennes
Iſſe Manne naughte butte thys conſyderre hymme welle
Thou owſt the Worme noe Sylke beaſte noe hyde
Butte here are three ounes ſophyſtycatedde
Thou unaccomodatedde manne arte the thynge
Forre thou arte indeede naughte butte thys
A poore bare ande forkedde Anymalle
Offe Offe thenne you Lendynges unbottonne here

*Gloſterre*

*foole* bee contente Nunkee tis naughtye Nyghte toe ſymme inne
Nowe a lyttle fire inne a Wilde feylde
Were lyke a Letcherres hearte butte oune lyttle ſparke
Ande alle the reſte of ounes bodye o life
Butte looke here commes a walkynge fire
*Edg* Thys iſſe the foule Fliberretygybette

He ginnes atte Curfewe ande walkes tylle fyrſte Cocke
Hee ſquintes ithe Eye ande makes the hare lyppe
Milledewes the white Wheate ande hurts thys poore Creature Earthe
Swythholde footedde thryce the oulde
Meete the Nyghte Mare ande herre nyne folde
Bydde herre alyghte
Ande herre trothe plyghte
Aroynte thee Whyche Aroynte thee
*Kente* Howe fares youre Grace
*Leare* Whats hee
*Kente* Whos there whatte ſeeke ye
*Glos* Youre names I praye who are you
*Edg* Poore Tomme who eates the ſwimmynge Frogge ande toade
Whoſe hearte is fierye whenne the feynde rages
Swallowes the oulde Katte ande the ditche dogge
Drynkes the greene mantle fromme the ſtandynge poole
Thatte is whipte fromme tythynge toe tythynge
Thatte is ſtockd punyſhd ande immepryſoenedde
Thatte hathe three ſuites toe hys backe ſyxe Shirtes tos Bodye
Horſe toe ryde ande Weaponne toe weare
Butte Mice ande Ratts ande ſuche ſmalle deere
Ha beene Tomms foode thys ſevenne longe Yeare

Beware mye followerre peace ſmilburre peace feynde

*Glos* Whatte hathe youre Grace noe betterre Companye

*Edg* Poore Toms a Colde

*Glos* Goe inne withe mee mye dutye cannotte ſufferre

Inne alle toe obeye youre daughterres harde commandes

Though theyre innejunctyonne bee toe barre mye doores

And lette thys boyſterouſe Nyghte take houlde o thee

Stylle have I comme ande venneterd toe ſeeke youre Grace

Ande brynge where bothe fyre ande foode are readye

*Leare* Staye fyrſte Ile talke withe thys Phyloſopherre

Telle mee Poore Tomm whats the Cauſe o thunderre

*Kente* Goode mye Lorde take hys offerre ande goe inne a doore

*Leare* Ile talke a Worde withe thys ſayde Learnedde Thebanne

Whatte is your Studye

*Edg* bothe toe prevente the feynde and Kylle Vermyne

*Leare* Lette mee aſke you oune Worde inne Private

*Kente* Immeporretune hymme agayne mye Lorde
Forre hys Wittes gynne toe unneſettelle

*Glos* Canſt blame hymme freynde
When's daughterres doe ſeeke hys deathe
O thatte goode Kente hee ſayde itte woud bee thuſſe
Helas poore honeſte butte banyſhte Manne
'Thou ſayſt the Kynge growes madde Ile telle the freynde
I myeſelfe amme almouſte madde I had a Sonne
Nowe outelawd fromme mye bloode hee ſoughte mye life
Butte latelye verye latelye I lovd hymme freynde
Noe fatherre a Sonne dearerre thruthe toe telle thee
The Greefe o thys hathe o thys hathe crazd *mye* verye Witts
Whatte a Nyghte is here I doe beſeeche youre grace

*Leare* O youre mercye I crye youre mercye noble Phyloeſopherre youre Companye

*Edg* The feynde The feynde Toms a Colde a Colde

*Glos* Innetoe thye hovelle fellowe ande keepe thee warme

*Leare* Comme thenne weele inne alle
Thys waye mye Lorde
Ile keepe withe hymme withe mye Phyloſopherre

*Kente* Soothe hymme mye goode Lorde and lette hymme take thys fellowe

*Glos* Take hymme you onne
*Kente* Comme Sirra and goe inne withe uſſe
*Leare* Aye Aye comme thou goode ande learnedde Athenyanne
*Edg* Chylde Rowelande toe the darke towerre came
Hys Worde was ſtylle fye foe ande fumme
I ſmelle the Bloude of a brytyſhe Manne

*Cornewalle ande Baſtarde*

*Duke* Ile ha mye Revenge ere I departe thys houſe
*Bas* Howe mye Lorde I maye bee cenſuredde
Thatte Nature inne mee thus gives waye toe Loyalletye
*Duke* I doe nowe preceyve twas notte alletogetherre
Youre Brotherres evylle dyspoſytyonne
Whiche alone dydde make hymme ſeeke hys deathe
Butte a reproveable badneſſe inne hymſelfe
*Edm* O howe malycyouſe is mye forretune
Thatte I muſte nowe repente forre beynge juſte
Thys is the Letterre thatte does approve hymme
An innetellygente freynde ande partye toe Fraunce
O heavennes thatte thys hys treaſonne were notte
Norre I hys detectorre
*Duke* Goe inne withe mee toe the dutcheſſe
*Edm* Iffe thys Paperre dothe ſpeake trewe
You have myghtye buſyneſſe inne hande

*Duke* Trewe orre falſe itte hathe made the Earle of Gloſterre
Seeke oute thee faherre thatte he maye bee readye
Forre oure ryghte juſte Appreheſyonne
*Edm* Anne he ſhalle bee founde comforretynge the Kynge
Twille more fullye prove oure Suſpytyonnes
I wille perſevere inne thys mye Loyalletye
Thoughe the conflycte goe harde twixte itte ande mye Bloode
*Duke* I wille laye truſte onne thee
Ande inne mye Love thoult fynde a dearerre fatherre

*Kente Glos Leare (Edg Tom) ande foole*

*Kente* Betterre farre here thanne ithe openne Ayre
Alle hys witts ha givenne waye toe hys impatyence
O goode Sir maye the Gods rewarde youre Kyndneſſe
*Edg* Fretterretoe Calles ande tells mee
Neroe is anglynge ithe Lake of Darkeneſſe
*foole* Prethee Nunkle
Iſſe a madmanne a foole orre a Yeomanne
*Leare* Softe goode foole Ile telle thee a Kynge a Kynge
*Edg* O the foulde feynde bytes mye backe
*foole* Hees madde thatte truſtes toe tameneſſe of a Wolfe

A horſes healthe a Boyes Love a Wores Oathe
*Leare* Naye Naye notte ſoe butte inne the love of Daughterres
O the vile ſhe foxes ſytte here ſapyente Sir
*Edg* Looke where ſhe ſtandes Wanſt thou Eyes alle trye alle
Beſſye comme oere the broome toe mee Beſſye
The foule feynde hauntes poore Tomme
Hoppe dawnce cryes inne mee forre twoe white herrynges
*Kente* howe does youre grace wille you notte laye downe
*Leare* Brynge inne the Evydence they ſhall bee Cryd
Sitte you there you are othe Commyſſyonne
Arraygne Arraygne herre tis Gonerylle
I here take oathe before thys aſſemblye
Shee dydde Kyche the poore oulde Kynge herre fatherre
Butte mye gracyouſe Sirs hadde ſhe beene a Manne
Hee woud notte ha neededde thys youre tryalle
*Edg* Bleſſe thye five Witts
O Sir wheres thatte ſame Patyence nowe
O the whiche you dydde ſoe ofte make boaſte
*Edg* My teares begynne toe take hys parte ſo muche
I feare theyle marre mye counterfeytynge
*Leare* Naye the lyttle doggs too alle barke atte mee
Whye Treye Blaunche ande Sweete hearte hytherre boyes

*Edg* Tomme ſhalle throwe hys heade atte themme avaunte Curs

Bee thou blacke orre Greye orre White
Toothe thatte payſonnes anne itte byte
O Tomme ſhalle make themme weepe ande wayle
Forre thorowinge thuſſe mye heade
Doggs leape the hatche nowe alle are fledde
Tou Lu Lu Lu comme marche toe wakes ande fayres
Bee Merrye bee Merrye poore Toms horne is drye

*Leare* Anatomyze thatte Reganne ſee whatte inne herre breedes

Iſſe there cauſe inne Nature toe make heartes thuſſe
Whatte ſoe harde ande flintye O noe noe noe
You ſhoud bee of mye hundred butte youre Garmente
Thatte ſuites mee notte welle welle lette itte bee changd
Tomm Tomm where dydſt ſteale thyne Adams Coate

*Edg* Fromme mye Childe anne ſhede notte give itte mee

*Leare* A goode Thefte A goode Thefte welle ſayde Tomm

*Kente* Nowe mye goode Lorde lye here awhile

*Leare* Huſh Huſh make noe noyſe butte drawe the Curtaynes

Soe Soe ſoe wele goe toe Supperre ithe mornynge ſo ſo

*Gloſterre*

*Glos* Goode Sir where is the Kynge mye Maſterre

*Kente* Heare mye Lorde butte trouble hymme notte hys Witts are gone

*Glos* Take hymme I praye thee Sir inne thyne Armes

Forre I have oerehearde a Plotte of Deathe uponne hymme

There is a Lytterre tye hymme onne itte ſtrayghte

Ande ſpeede thee towarde Doverre where thou ſhalt meete

Goode welcome ande Protectyonne take thye maſterre

Forre ſhoudſt thou dallye orre delaye oune houre

Thyne ande hys life togetherre withe alle thoſe

Shalle offerre toe defende hymme ſtande ſurelye loſte

Followe mee thatte wille toe ſome provyſyonne

Give thee ſure ande quicke conducte

Come Come awaye quicklye

*Cornewalle Reganne Gonerylle Edmunde ande Servantes*

*Corn* Poſt ſpeedylye toe mye Lorde youre huſbande

Thys Letterre wille ſhewe the Frenche Armye landedde
Goe ſeeke oute thatte Traytorre Gloſterre
Howe nowe wheres the Kynge
*Stew* Mye Lorde of Gloſterre hath conveyd hymme hence
Ande withe hys Knyghtes hathe ſente hymme towarde Doverre
Theye dydde loudlye talke of armedde freyndes there
*Gon* Farewelle ſweete Lorde ande Syſterre
*Corn* Edmunde Farewelle Goe ſeeke thatte Traytorre Gloſterre
Pinnyonne lyke Thiefe thenne brynge hymme before uſſe
Though withoute Juſtyce we maye paſſe ons life
Yette ſhalle oure Powerre doe Curteſye toe oure wrathe
Whiche Menne perchaunce maye blame butte notte comptrolle

*Gloſterre*

*Reg* Innegratefulle Foxe tis hee
*Glos* Whatte meane youre Grace
Goode mye Freyndes you are mye Gueſtes
Doe me noe foule playe
*Corn* Bynde hymme I ſaye

*Glas* Unnemercyfulle Ladye
*Corn* Toe thys Benche bynde hymme
O Villayne thou ſhalte fynde
*Glos* Bye the greate Gods tis ignoëblye done
Toe plucke Age thuſſe bye the Bearde
*Reg* Soe white ande ſuche a Traytorre
*Glos* O naughtye Ladye
Theſe hayres thatte thou raviſhe fromme mye Chynne
Wille quckenne and accuſe thee I amme youre hoſte
Ande you withe mercyleſſe and Robberres handes
Doe ruffle thuſſe mye markes of Mannehoode
Whatte wille you doe
*Corn* Saye Sir whatte Letterres hadde you fromme Fraunce
Whatte Connefederacye hadde you withe thoſe
Thatte nowe have broke inne uponne our Kyngdomme
*Reg* Toe whome haſte ſente the Lunatycke Kynge
*Glos* I have oune Letterre gueſſynglye ſette downe
Thatte came fromme oune thats of a newtralle hearte
*Corn* O cunnynge
*Reg* Yea Cunnynge ande mouſte Falſe
*Corn* Where haſt ſente the Kynge

*Glos* Toe Doverre

*Corn* Ande whye to doverre waſt notte chargd atte perylle

*Glos* O ye have have tyedde mee toe the Stake
Ande nowe I needs muſte ſtaunde the courſe

*Reg* O Traytorre butte wherefore toe Doverre

*Glos* Cauſe thatte I woudde notte ſee thye cruelle Nayles
Plucke oute hys poore oulde Eyes norre thye feyrce Syſterre
Inne hys annoyntedde fleſhe ſtycke Boaryſhe Phanges
The Sea withe ſuche a Storme as hys beare heave
Inne Helles blacke nyghte induredde woud ha boyedde uppe
Ande quenchedde the ſtelledde fyres
Yette porre oulde hearte hee holped the heavennes toe rayne
Iffe Wolves atte thatte ſteyrne tyme atte thye Gates hadde howld
Thou ſhouldſt ha ſayde goode Porterre turne the Keye
Butte I ſhalle ſee Vennegeance ore take ſuche Chyldrenne

*Corn* Seet thou ſhalte neverre fellowes houlde the Chayre
Onne theſe oulde Eyes of thyne Ile ſette mye foote

*Glos* Twere betterre dye thenne live tylle oune bee oulde

O Give mee ſome helpe Cruelle Cruelle O ye Gods

*Reg* Oune ſyde wille mocke anotherre come totherre tooe

*Ser* Holde hymme noe neverre

Mye Lorde I ha ſervd you ſynce I was a Chylde
Butte betterre Service I ha neverre done
Thenne nowe to looſe mye houlde

*Reg* Dydſt thou butte weare a Bearde uponne thye Chynne

Ide plucke itte offe as I dydde thys ſame Lordes
Fellowe thye Sworde a peaſante ſtande uppe thuſſe

*Ser* Oh I amme ſlayne yette have you oune Eye lefte

Toe ſee thys dede onne thye faythefulle Servante

*Corn* Leaſte itte ſhoud ſee more Ile prevente itte
Oute vyle jellye wheres thye luſterre nowe

*Glos* Alls darke ande comforteleſſe wheres mye Sonne Edmunde

O where ere thou arte kyndle all ſparkes offe nature
Ande quitte ſuche Sceanes ſuch crynge Actes

*Reg* Oute Villayne thou callſt onne hymme thatte hates thee

Twas hee thatte tolde uſſe of thye Treaſonnes
Hee whos heartes too goode toe pitye thee

*Glos* O mye follyes thenne Edgarre was abuſd

Forgive mee thatte kynde Gods ande proſperre hymme

*Reg* Goe thruſte hymme oute atte Gates
Ande lette hymme ſmelle hys waye toe doverre
Thys Slave maye ſerve toe fattenne the dunghylle

*Edgarre*

*Edg* Betterre thus ande knowne toe bee Contemnedde
Thenne ſtylle contemned ande flatteredde toe bee worſe
The loweſte ande mouſte abjecte of Fortunes Slaves
Iſſe riche ande lives oune inne Eſperawnce
Welcome thenne thys lyghte Ayre whiche I embrace
Thatte wretche whome thou haſte blowne untoe thee worſte
Owes noethynge toe thye Blaſtes
Butte who comes here mye fatherre poorlye ledde
O Worlde Worlde O Worlde
Butte thatte thye ſtraunge Mutatyonnes make uſſe hate thee
Life woudde nere yeylde toe Age
*Olde Manne* O mye goode Lorde I ha beene youre Tenaunte
Ande youre deare fatherres Theſe foureſcore Yeares
*Glos* Gette thee awaye goode freynde I prethee bee gone
Thye comfortes canne doe mee noe goode atte alle
Butte thee theye maye ſeverelye hurte

*Oulde Manne* You cannotte ſee youre waye
*Glos* I have noe waye ande therefore neede notte Eyes
O Mye Sonne Mye Edgarre were arte thou
The food of thye abuſedde Fatherres wrathe
Myghte I butte live toe ha thee inne mye touche
Thenne woud I ſaye I hadde Eyes agayne
*O Manne* Howe nowe whos there
*Edg* Ye Gods who iſt canne ſaye thatte I amme othe worſte
Forre nowe I amme worſe thenne ere I was
Ande thys is notte othe worſte forre worſe I maye be yette
*O Manne* Tis poore madde Tomme
*Glos* Thenne is he a Beggarre Manne
*O Manne* Aye madmanne ande Beggarre too
*Glos* He hathe reaſonne elſe coud he notte begge
Suche an oune dydde I ſee I the laſte Nyghtes ſtorme
Whenne mye precyouſe Starres dydde inne thys Globe
Shewe the glarynge Canopye off heavenne
Thenne dydde I thynke thys forme Manne a poore Worme
Thenne too dydde I thynke o mye Sonne Edgarre
Though mye mynde was thenne ſcarce freynds with hymme
Butte helas ſynce thatte more have I hearde

As Flyes are to the wantonne Boyes are wee to the Godds
Theye nyppe byte ande teaze uſſe ande alle forre ſporte
*Edg* Thenne innedeede is mye fooles Trade notte othe worſte
Bleſſe thee goode Maſterre
*Glos* Iſt the nakedde foole thatte ſpeakes
*O Manne* Aye mye goode Lorde
*Glos* Thenne Prithee bee gone forre mye ſake
Thoulte oretake uſſe here a Myle orre twayne
Ithe waye towarde Doverre doe itte forre ancyente love
Brynge withe the coverynge forre thys nakedde Soule
Whome Ile innetreate toe leade mee
*O Manne* Alacke Sir hes madde
*Glos* Hes notte alone thenne Tis the tymes Plague
Whenne Madmenne leade the Blynde
*O Manne* Ile brynge hymme the beſte Parelle I ha
Comme ont whatte wille
*Glos* Syrrah nakedde fellowe
*Edg* Porre Toms a Colde
*Glos* I praye thenne poore Tomme come hytherre
*Edg* Ande yette I wille
Bleſſe thye ſweete Eyes theye bleede
*Glos* Knowſte the waye towarde Doverre

*Edg* Knowt aye aye Style ande Gate horſewaye ande footwaye
O poore Tom hathe beene ſcard ofs goode Witts
O bleſſe thee thou goode Manne fromme the foule Feynde
*Glos* Take thenne mye Purſe thou whome the heavennes plague
Chaunce twille make thye wretchedneſſe happyerre
Thenne bee itte thyne forre itte cannotte eaſe mee
Telle mee doſt knowe Doverre
*Edg* Aye mye goode Sir
*Glos* There is a Cliffe whoſe hygh ande bendynge heade
Lookes raggedde ande fearefulle onne the confynd deepe
Brynge to the brymme othatte ſelfe ſame place
Ande Ile repayre the miſerye thou doſte beare
Withe ſomethynge ryche ande precyouſe aboute mee
Fromme thence departe thenne I ſhalle noe leadynge neede
*Edg* Give mee thyne Arme
Poore Tom ſhalle leade thee

*Gonerylle Baſtarde Stewarde*

*Gon* Wellecome mye Lorde
I marvelle oure mylde huſbande meete uſſe notte
Sirra wheres youre Maſterre

*Stew* Madame withinne butte nere was Manne
foe changd
I tolde hymme othe Armye ande hee ſmyld
I dydde announce youre comynge hee anſwerd the
worſe
Offe Gloſterres treacherye ands Sonns loyalle ſervice
Thenne dydde hee calle mee ſotte ande toulde mee
Evenne ſoe thenne thou haſte the wronge ſyde oute
Thatte hee ſhoulde dyſlyke beeſeemes hymme the
mouſte
Thatte hee ſhoud the mouſte offenneſive
*Gon* Thenne goe noe furtherre
Tis the cowiſhe terrorre of hys Spiritte
Backe Edmonde toe mye Brotherre
Haſtenne hys Muſterres ande conneducte hys
powerres
I muſte Change Names atte home ande give the
dyſtaffe
Innetoe mye huſbandes handes Thys truſtye
Servante
Shalle paſſe twixte uſſe eere longe you ſhalle heare
Anne you dare venneture inne youre owne behalfe
A Mystreſſes commaunde weare thys ande ſpare
ſpeeche
Declyne youre heade Thys Kyſſe ande ift durſte
ſpeake
Would ſtretche thee ſpiryttes innetoe the verye Ayre
Thys conneceyve ande fare the welle

*Edm* Youre evenne ithe Rankes of Deathe
*Gon* Thys is Gloſterre O the difference twixte Menne
A Womannes ſerrevyces toe thee are dewe
Mye foote butte uſurpes mye Bodye
*Stew* Tuſhe Madame here commes mye Lorde
*Alb* O Gonerylle Thourte notte worthe thatte duſte
Whiche the rude winde blowes uponne youre face
*Gon* Shame mylkye liverd Manne
Thatte haſte a Cheeke forre Blowes ande heade forre wronges
Thatte haſte notte inne the Browes an Eye
Dyſerrenynge thyne honorre fromme thye ſufferynge
*Alb* Looke Looke butte atte theſelfe thou Divelle
Soe horryde inne thee are deforremytyes
Thatte thou haſte cleanſd ande made pure the feynde

*Meſſennegerre*

*Ser* Mye goode the Duke o Cornewalles deade
Ande bye the hande ofs owne Serrevanntes
Twas the puttynge oute Gloſterres Eyes thatte cauſd itte
*Alb* Howe ſaye you Gloſterres Eyes
*Meſs* A Serrevannte thatte he bredde thrylld withe remorſe
Oppoſd agaynſt the acte bendynge hys ſworde

Toe hys greate Maſterre who threate enragd
Flewe onne hymme ande mongſt themme felld hymme deade
Butte notte withoute thatte harmefulle Stroke
Whyche ſynce hathe pluckd hymme afterre
*Alb* O you ſelfe Judges nowe you doe fynde
Howe ſwifte ande keenelye the Gods doe venge themſelves
Butte O poore Gloſterre loſte hee hys otherre Eye
*Meſs* Bothe Bothe mye goode Lorde
Madamme thys Letterre fromme craves youre ſpeedye anſwerre
*Gon* Owne waye thys belykes mee welle
Butte beynge Widowe ande mye Gloſterre withe herre
Maye alle thys Buildynge inne mye fannecye
Plucke uponne herre hatefulle life
Butte thys newes ſtylle ſtylle wille I reade ande anſwerre
*Alb* Where was hys Sonne whenne theye dydde take hys Eyes
*Meſs* Mye Lorde I dydde meete hymme ithe waye backe agayne
*Alb* Knewe hee the wickeddeneſſe
*Meſs* Mye goode Lorde twas HEE thatte informd agaynſt hymme
Ande dydde onne purpoſe quitte the houſe
Thatte theyre punyſhmente myghte ha freerre Courſe

*Alb* Gloſterre I live Toe thanke forre thatte Love
Whiche thou ſhowdſt the Kynge and toe revenge thyne Eyes
Comme hytherre Freynde ande telle me whatte more thou knoweſte

*Corredelya Gentlemanne and Souldyerres*

*Cor* Alacke Alacke tis he
Ande madde as the vexte Sea eene nowe was he mette
Syngynge alowde ande crownedde withe ranke femytarre
Withe harde oakes hemlocke Nettles Cuckoo Flowerres
Withe Lillyes Darnelles ande alle idle weedes thatte growe
Sende ſtrayghte a Centerye ſearche eache Acre
Inne the hygh growne Feylde ande brynge hymme toe uſſe
Hee whoſe wiſdomme wille helpe inne foſtorynge
Hys poore bereavedde ſenſe take alle mye outwarde worthe
*Gent* Meanes there are Madamme the foſterre Nurſe o nature
Iſſe thatte whiche youre deare fatherre lackes repoſe

Toe provoke the whiche there are manye Symples
Whoſe powerre canne cloſe the Eye of anguiſhe
*Cor* O you bleſte ſecrettes O alle you unpublyſhd Vertewes
Thatte fromme Motherre doe take theyre ryſe
Sprynge withe theſe Teares bee aydaunte ande remedyate
Inne the Goodmannes deſyres O ſeeke ſeeke forre hymme
Leaſte hys unngovernd rage dyſſolve thatte life
Whyche wantes the meanes toe leade itte

*Meſſenegerre*

Newes Madamme the Brytyſh Powerres
Are marchynge hytherrewarde
*Cor* Twas knowne before oure Preperatyonne ſtaundes
Inne Expectatyonne o themme o dere Fatherre
Tis forre thee forre thye buſyneſſe thatt I goe aboute
Therefore greate Fraunce mye mournynge ande importund Teares
Hathe pittyedde Noe blowne ambytyonne
Noe thyrſte of Conqueſte dothe oure Armyes innevyte

Butte love deare gentle love ande anne agd Fatherres ryte
O maye I ſoone heare ande ſee hymme

*Reganne Stewarde*

*Reg* Butte are mye brotherres Powerres ſette forthe
*S* Yea Madamme
*Reg* Ande hymſelfe inne Perſonne
*Stew* Yeſſe Madamme butte withe muche adoe
Youre Syſterre is farre the betterre Souldyerre
*Reg* Lorde Edmunde ſpake notte withe hymme atte home
*Stew* Noe Mndamme
*Reg* Whatte dydde importe mye Syſterres Letterres toe hymme
*Stew* Thatte I knowe notte Ladye
*Reg* Hee is poſtedde hence onne ſeryouſe Matterre
Twas greate Ignoraunce thatte Gloſterre dydde live
Hys Eyes beynge oute Forre whereere hee arrives
Hee dothe move alle heartes agaynſte uſſe
Edmunde inne Pittye offe hys myſerye
Is gone methynkes toe dyſpatch hys nyghtedde life
Ande toe dyscrye the ſtrengthe othe Enemye

*Stew* I muſte thenne afterre hymme withe thys mye Letterre

*Reg* Oure Troopes ſette fourthe toe morrowe
The wayes are dangerouſe twere beſte you ſtaye with uſſe

*Stew* I cannotte naye I maye notte Madamme
Mye Ladye dydde charge mye dutye inne thys buſyneſſe

*Reg* Wherefore ſhoud ſhe write toe Edmunde
Myghte you notte tranſporte herre Purpoſes bye Worde
I love thee muche me lette mee unneſeale the Letterre

*Stew* Madamme I hadde ratherre

*Reg* I amme ſure naye I doe knowe
Youre Ladye lykes notte herre huſbande
She gave ſtraunge Elyadls ande ſtrykynge lookes
Toe noble Edmunde onne herre laſte beynge heere
I knowe you toe bee of herre Boſomme

*Stew* Aye Madamme

*Reg* Thenne I doe adviſe you take backe thys Note
Mye Lorde beynge deade Edmunde ande I ha talkd
Ande hee dothe fynde mye hande more convenyente
Whenne youre Myſtreſſe ſhalle have hearde thuſſe muche

Deſyre herre thatte ſhe doe calle herre wiſdomme toe herre

Soe Farewelle ſhoud you chaunce heare othe blynde Traytorre

Preferremente falles onne hymme thatte cuttes hymme offe

*Stew* Woud *I* coud meete hymme

Thenne woud I ſhowe the Partye I doe followe

*Gloſterre ande Edgarre*

*Glos* Whenne ſhalle I comme toe thatte ſame hylle

*Edg* You doe clymbe itte nowe looke howe wee labourre

*Glos* Methynkes thee ſounde bee evenne

*Edg* Horryble ſteape harke doſte notte heare the Sea

*Glos* Noe trewelye

*Edg* Youre otherre Senneſes thenne doe growe imperrefecte

The anguiſhe o youre Eyes benumbes themme

*Glos* Itte maye bee ſoe innedeede forre nowe methynkes

Thye Voyce is alterd and thou ſpeakſt betterre phraſe

Thye matterre too is more conneſyſtente

*Edg* Thou arte deceyvedde naughte iffe there changd inne mee
Save theſe mye Garrementes
*Glos* Naye naye butte thou arte betterre ſpokenne
*Edg* Comme onne Sir heres the place nowe ſtande ſtylle
Howe fearefulle tis toe caſte ones Eyes ſoe lowe
The Crowes ande Choughes thatte winge the Midwaye Ayre
Shewe ſcarce ſoe grooſe as beetles
Halfe waye downe hanges owne thatte gatherres Samphyre
O dreadefulle Trade methynkes hes noe byggerre thans heade
The fyſſherremenne thatte walke uponne the beache
Are butte as Myce ande yonne talle anchorynge Barke
Dymynſhd toe a Cocke herre Cocke a Buoye
Allemoſte too ſmalle forre ſyghte the murmurynge ſurge
Thatte onne th unnumberedde idle Peble chafes
Cannotte bee hearde thuſſe hygh Ile looke noe more
Leaſte mye Brayne turne and the defycyente Syghte
Topple downe headelonge
*Glos* Sette mee thenne ene where thou ſtaundſt

*Edm* Give mee youre hande ande nowe houlde
a lyttle
Forre you are witheinne oune foote othe extreme
Verge
Forre alle beneathe the Moone Ide notte leape
upryghte
*Glos* Thenne here freynde is anotherre Purſe
Ande int a Jewelle welle worthe a Poore Mans
takynge
Lette goe mye hande Maye Faryes ande the
Godds
Proſperre itte with thee. Goe thou fartherre offe
Bydde mee farewelle forre I doe wayte thye goynge
*Edg* Thenne fare you welle goode Sir
*Glos* Thankes fare welle with alle mye hearte
*Edg* Whye ſhoud I thus tryfle withe hys dyſ-
payre
*Glos* Nowe O you myghtye Gods thys worlde
I renownce
Ande inne youre Syghtes ſhake patyentelye
Thys mye greate afflyctyonne offe
Coud I butte beare itte longerre ande notte quarrelle
Withe youre myghtye and oppoſeleſſe willes
Whye thenne mye Snuffe ande loathedde parte o
nature
ſhoud burne itteſelfe oute iffe Edgarre live thenne
bleſſe hymme
Nowe thenne goode fellowe fare thee welle

*Edg* Whatte gone Sir thenne farewelle
Hadde hee beene where hee thoughte thenne hadde hee beene robd
O Mannes greate treasure life bye thys alle hadde beene paste
Hoa there Sir Speake Sir doe you heare yette hee revives
Whatte are you Sir
*Glos* Awaye Awaye I prithee ande lette mee dye
*Edg* Hadst beene aughte butte Gozemere Featherres Ayre
Soe manye fathomme downe precypytatynge
Thoudst shiverde lyke the bryttle substawnce of anne Egge
Butte thou doste breathe bleedste notte haste noe substaunce
Canst bee founde Tenne Mastes make notee thys Altytude
Thatte thou haste perrepennedycularelye felle
O thye lifes a Myracle speake speake agayne arte founde
*Glo* Butte ist soe have I fallenne or naye
*Edg* Aye fromme thys Cliffe thys wonderre o Nature
Whose Chalkye sydes garde thys oure sacredde Isle
Gaynste the rude Sea thatte dothe inne Cholerre
Rage foame ande spende itteselfe tylle itte comme toe nothynge

Yea fromme whoſe dreade ſummyte the ſhrylle gorgd Larke
Canne norre bee ſeene norre hearde doe butte looke uppe
*Glos* Alacke kynde Sir mocke mee notte I ha noe Eyes
Iſſe wretcheddeneſſe thenne deprivd o thatte benyſytte
Naye the comforte offe endynge itteſelfe bye deathe
*Edg* Give mee youre Arme uppe howe iſt feelſt thou the Leggs
*Glos* too welle too welle
*Edg* Thys dothe evenne oute doe ſtraungeneſſe itteſelfe
Whatte thynge waſte dydde leave thee onne thys ſummyte
*Glos* Oune poore ande unneforretunate Baggarre
*Edg* As I dydde ſtaunde heare belowe
Hys Eyes were twoe fulle moones withe a thouſande noſes
Hornes tooe thatte wealkd ande wavd as the ragynge Sea
Therefore bee happye goode fatherre twas ſome feynde
Sente bye the Gods too cleare the who make themme honorrs
Offe mennes impoſſybylytyes tis theye have preſervd thee

*Glos* Yea nowe I doe rememberre
I nowe wille beare afflyctyonne tylle itteſelfe doe crye
Enough Enough thenne dye The thynge thou ſpeakſt offe
I dydde take forre manne butte twoude oftymes crye
The ſeynde The ſeynde
*Edg* Beare free ande bee patyente who comes here
The ſaferre ſenſe wille notte accomodate
Its Maſterre thuſſe

*Leare*

*Leare* Touche mee notte forre cryinge I amme the Kynge
*Edg* O ſyde percynge ſyghte
*Leare* Nature dothe oute doe Arte I thatte reſpecte
Thers youre preſſe Moneye thou handlſt thee Bowe
Lyke Crowe Keeperre drawe a Cloathyerres Yarde
A Mouſe a Mouſe Looke looke ſoftlelye ſoftelye
Heere heere thys peece o toaſtedde Cheeſe wille dot
Theres mye Gauntelette Ile prove itte onne a gyawnte
O Welle flowne Byrde the calle the calle hewgh hewgh
*Edg* O ſweete O goode Kynge evenne ſoe thenne withe thee

*Leare* Paſſe Paſſe coudſt notte ſee the Mouſe
O Foole
*Glos* I ſhoud knowe thatte Voyce
*Leare* Ha Gonerylle whatte flatterre thys white
Bearde
Ande whenne thee poore dogge dydde fawne ande
lycke thee
Dydſt beate hymme oute a doere buſtle buſtle hygh
heavenne
Thenne ſaye aye toe mye Aye Noe to mye noe
Whenne Rayne dydde wette and Winde made mee
chatterre
Whenne woud notte peace atte mye byddynge
Twas thenne I ſmelte umme thenne I founde
umme oute
Goe toe theyre notte Menne o theyre Wordes
Theye tolde mee I was alle I was everye thynge
Theye lye Theye I amme notte ague proofe
*Glos* The trycke o thatte Voyce I doe rememberre
Iſt notte the Kynges
*Leare* Aye Boye ande everye Inche a Kynge
Whenne I doe ſtare ſee howe mye Subjecte quakes
Whatte was hys cauſe I pardonne thatte mans life
Naughte ſave Adulleterye thou ſhalte notte dye
Noe noe the Wrenne goes toote ande the ſmalle
gyldedde flye
Dos Letcherre onne mye Syghte Lette Copula-
tyonne thrive

Forre was notte Gloſterres Baſtarde Kynderre tos fatherre

Thanne mye twoe Serrepentes gotte twixte lawfulle Sheets

Thenne tot pelle Melle forre I doe lacke Souldyerres

Looke atte yonne Ladye thatte dos ſhake atte Pleaſures Name

Noe neytherre Fytchewe noe norre ſpoyledde horſe

Goes toot withe moure ryatouſe Appetyte

Downe toe waſte alle Cennetaures butte Womenne above

O fye fye give mee owne ounce o ſweete Cyvette

Ande mye Apothecarye thers Moneye forre thee

*Glos* O Lette mee Kyſſe thye hande

*Leare* Fyrſte Ile wipe itte forre itte ſmelles o Mortalytye

*Glos* O thou ruinedde peyce o Nature

O thatte thys greate worlde ſhalle ſoe wèare oute toe naughte

Doſt thou notte knowe mee

*Leare* I doe rememberre thyne Eyes whye doſt ſoe ſquinye atte mee

Noe doe the worſte blynde Cupydde I le notte love

Reade thys Challenge marke butte the pennynge offe itte

*Glos* Were are butte I cannotte ſee
*Edg* Ide notte take thys fromme Reporte butte itte is
And myne hearte breakes atte itte
*Leare* Reade Reade
*Glos* Whatte withe theſe caſes o Eyes
*Leare* Hoa Hoa you are there noe Eyes I youre heade
Norre noe Moneye inne Purſe
Youre Eyes thenne are inne heavye Caſe youre Purſe lyghte
Butte thou ſeeſt howe goes thys worlde
*Glos* Yea ande Mouſte feelyngelye
*Leare* Thenne arte Madde Oune maye ſee howe the Worlde waggs
Openne wide thyne Eares thenne thoulte ſee enoughe
See yond Juſtyce rayle agaynſt yond ſymple theffe
Change Places ande nowe whiche is juſtyce whiche theefe
Thou haſte ſeene farmerres dogge barke atte Beggarre
*Glos* Evenne ſoe Sir
*Leare* Ande thatte ſelfe ſame Beggarre runne fromme the Curre
There thenne doſte beholde the Image offe Authorytye
Forre Dogges whenne inne Offyce myte bee obſervd
Thou Raſcalle Beadle houlde the bloodye hande

Wherefore laſhe ſoe hatte ſtryppe thyne owne backe
Thoult ſtrayghte toe herre ande the cryme commytte
Forre the whiche thou nowe doſte whyppe herre
Through tatteredde Cloathes greate Vices doe appeare
Butte gilte Robes ande furrd Gownes doe hyde alle
Withe Goulde thou mayſt breake the ſtronge Cane o Juſtyce
Butte armd inne Ragges a Pygmyes Strawe does peyrce itte
None doe offende noe nonne I le able emme
Goe thou mye freynde ande Seale the accuſerres Lyppes
Goe ande withe Glaſſe Eyes lyke ſcurvye Poly-tycyanne
Seeme toe ſee thoſe thynges thou doſte notte ſee
Nowe Nowe pulle offe theſe Bootes harderre harderre

*Edg* O Matterre ande Reaſonne withe madneſſe myxte

*Leare* Naye an thoulte weepe mye forretunes thenne take mye Eyes

I knowe thee welle enoughe thye names Gloſterre
Thou muſte bee patyente wee came cryinge hytherre
Evenne the fyrſte tyme wee ſmelle othe Ayre
Wee mewld ande cryd Ile preache toe thee Marke

*Glos* Alacke Alacke the daye
*Leare* Whenne wee are borne we crye wee are comme
Toe thys ſayde Stage toe thys ſayde Shyppe o fooles
O twere delycate Stratagemme toe ſhoo
A Troope o horſe inne Felte Ile putte itte inne proofe
Ande whenne I ha ſtolenne oune theſe Sonne in Lawes
Thenne Kylle Kylle Kylle

*Owne Gennetellemanne*

*Gent* Oh here he is laye hande uponne hymme Sir
O Sir youre mouſte deare Daughterre
*Leare* Whatte a Pryſonnerre I amme eene
Forretunes foole
Butte uſe mee welle ande ye ſhalle ha ranneſomme
Naye give mee oune Surgeonne forre Ime cutte t the Braynes
*Gent* Naye goode Sir you ſhalle ha anye thynge
Noe Secondes alle myeſelfe thys woud make a Manne
Aye aye a manne o Salte toe uſe hys eyes
Forre Gardenne warterre Potts Ile dye bravelye
Nowe Ile bee royalle Comme Comme Ime a Kynge
Knowe you thatte Knowe you thatte mye goode Maſterres

*Gent* Aye ande a Royalle owne ande wee obeye you

*Leare* Nowe thenne theres life int
Comme ande ye ſhalle gette itte bye runnynge Sa Sa ſa

*Gent* Thys ſyghte were pyteouſe inne the meaſneſte Wretche
Butte tis paſte ſpeekynge offe inne a Kynge
Butte thou haſte oune daughterre thatte redeemes alle nature
Fromme thatte generalle Curſe Whyche twayne ha broughte

*Edg* Hayle gentle Sir forre ſoe youre Speeche byddes mee calle you

*Gent* Sir ſpeede you whats youre wille

*Edg* Doe you heare oughte of a Battelle towarde

*Gent* Mouſte ſure eache owne heares thatte canne dyſtynguiſh Sounde

*Edg* Butte bye youre favourre howe neares thotherre Armye

*Gent* Neere ande onne ſpeedye foote
The mayne deſcrye ſtaundes inne hourelye thoughte

*Edg* Thankes kynde Sir thats alle

*Gent* Though oure Queene onne ſpecyalle Cauſe bee here
Herre Armye is movd onne

*Edg* I thanke you Sir

*Glos* O you merrecyfulle ande everre Gentle Gods

Take mye breathe fromme mee leaſte mye worſerre Spiritte
Tempte me agayne toe dye before you pleaſe
*Edg* Welle praye you fatherre
*Glos* Nowe goode Sir whatte are you
*Edg* Oune mouſte poore Manne made tame bye forretunes blowes
Who bye arte o knowinge ande feelynge Sorrowes
Amm pregnawnte toe goode Pittye Give mee youre hande
Ande lette mee leade you toe ſome byddynge
*Glos* Heartye Thankes heavennes bountye ande Benyzonne
Toe boote ande Toe boote

*Stewarde*

*Stew* Owne mouſte happye ande proclaymedde Pryze
Thatte Eyeleſſe heade o thyne was framd toe rayſe mye forretunes
Thou oulde ande hardnedde Traytorre breefelye thyeſelfe ſurrennederre
The ſworde is oute thatte muſte deſtroye thee
*Glos* Thenne lette thye freyndelye hande putte ſtrengthe enough toot
*Stew* Wherefore boulde Peſante darſt thou ſupporte

Hence leaſte the innefectyonne offe hys Forretunes
Take holde onne lette goe hys Arme I ſaye
*Edg* Ize notte lette goe Zir withoute vurtherre cayſyonne
*Stew* Vile ſlave lette goe orre thou dyeſte
*Edg* Gange youre Gayte goode Gennetlemanne ande lette poore Volke paſſe
I bee notte yette zwaggeredde oute a mye life
Forre thatte woulde take thee zoe longe as a Vortenyghte
Naye comme notte neere thoulde Manne keepe oute ofs waye
Orre Ils trye anne youre Coſtarde orre mye Ballowe bee the harderre
*Stew* Oute thou vile dunghylle
*Edg* Ile ſycke youre teethe Sir noe matterre vor youre foynes
*Stew* Slave I amme Slayne O Villayne take my Purſe
Iffe thoult thrive burye mee ande give the Letterres
Whiche thou fyndſt aboute toe Edmunde O Gloſterre
Seeke hymme ithe Englyſhe partye o unnetymelye deathe
*Edg* I knowe thee welle oune ſerrevyceable Villayne
Aſſe duteouſe toe the Vices o youre Myſtreſſe
Aſſe baddeneſſe coud deſyre

*Glos* Whatte is hee deade

*Edg* Goode fatherre ſytte ye downe ande reſte ye awhile

Theſe Letterres hee ſpeakes offe maye bee mye freyndes

Ile ſearche theſe Pockettes hees deade Ime onlye ſorrye

Hee hadde none otherre deathes manne lets ſee

Leave gentle waxe toe knowe oure Enemyes myndes

Wee ryppe theyre heartes theyre paperres are more lawefulle

*Reades Letterre*

Lette oure recyprocalle Vowes bee remmeberedde You maye

withe eaſe dyſpatche hymme anne youre wille wante

notte tyme ande place is yours Anne hee bee Conquerorre

naughte canne bee done ande Ime the Pryſonerre hys Bedde

mye Goale fromme whoſe loathedde warmthe delyverre mee

ande ſupplye the Place forre youre labourre

Youre anne ſoe I woude ſaye

Gonerylle

Oh vaſte ande dyre ſpace O Womannes blacke Wille
Thuſſe toe plotte onne Verretuouſe huſbandes life
Ande forre Exchange mye owne noe leſſe qualy-tyedde Brotherre
Here Ile rake uppe the Murtherouſe Lettcherres Poſte
Ande inne tyme withe thys unnegracyouſe Paperre
Stryke the Syghte o thys ſayde deathe practyſed Duke
Ande tis welle forre hymme thatte o thye deathe I canne telle
*Glos* The Kynge is madde howe ſtiffe is mye vile ſenſe
Thatte itte ſtande uppe ande ha innegenuouſe feelynge
Betterre I were dyſtracte ſoe ſhoud mye thoughtes
Bee ſeverd fromme mye Greefes ande looſe mye woes
Bye wronge Imagynatyonnes o themme
*Edg* Give mee youre farre offe I heare the beate o Drumme
Comme fatherre Ile beſtowe you withe a freynde

*Corredelya Kente Gennetellemanne*

*Cor* O thou goode Kente howe ſhalle I live ande worke
Thatte I maye matche the goodneſſe mye lifes too ſhorte
Ande everye meaſure wille fayle mee
*Kente* Thuſſe toe bee acknowledgedde is to bee thryce oere payde
Alle mye Reporrts are modeſte truthe notte clypte butte ſoe
*Cor* Bee betterre ſuitedde theſe Weedes are Memoryes
O worſerre houres I prithee putte themme offe
*Kente* Pardonne Madamme toe bee knowne ſhorretennes myne intente
Mye boone I make itte thatte you knowe mee notte
Tylle tyme ande I thynke meete
*Cor* Thenne beet ſoe goode Lorde howe dos the Kynge
*Gent* Madamme ſleepes ſtylle
*Cor* O you Gods cure thys greate breach ins abuſedde Nature
The untund ande jarrynge Senneſes O winde uppe
O thys mye deare mye Chylde changedde fatherre
*Gent* Wilte pleaſe youre Majeſtye wee wake the Kynge

*Cor* Bee youre knowledge ande ſkylle youre Goverrenorres
Telle mee is he arrayedde

*Leare withe Serrevauntes*

*Gent* I the heavyneſſe o ſleepe wee dydde attyre hymme
Bee you bye goode madamme whenne wee doe wake hymme
Forre yette I doe muche doubte hys temmeperaunce
*Cor* O mye deere fatherre lette reſtauratyonne hange
Herre medycyne onne theſe lyppes ande maye thys Kyſſe
Repayre thoſe harmes mye Syſterres have inne thye Reveraunce made
*Kente* O Kynde o deare Prynceſſe
*Cor* Hadde you notte beene theyre Fatherre theſe white flakes
Dydde challenge theyre Pyttye Was thys a Face
Toe bee oppoſd agaynſte the jarrynge Windes
A Dogge though hee hadde bytte mee ſhoud nere a ſtoode
Thatte ſame Nyghte ande dydſte thou mye deere fatherre
Ande toe hovelle too withe Swine ande Rogues forlorne

Couchd too inne ſhorte ande muſtye ſtrawe Alacke Alacke
Tis wonderre thye life ande wittes hadde notte atte ounce
Concludedde alle hee wakes howe ſpeake toe hymme
*Gent* Madamme doe you forre tis fytteſte
*Cor* Howe does mye Royalle Lorde howe fares youre Majeſtye
*Leare* Doe notte thatte wronge toe take mee oute othe Grave
Thou arte a Soule inne blyſſe butte I amme bounde
Fyxt onne a Weele o fyre thatte myne owne teares
Doe ſadlye ſcalde aye aye enne lyke moltenne Leade
*Cor* Doe you knowe mee Sir 2620
*Leare* You are a Spiritte I knowe where dydde you dye
*Cor* Stylle Stylle farre wyde
*Gent* Hes ſcarſe awake leave hymme quiette awhile
*Leare* Where iſt I ha beene where amm I fayre daye lyghte
I amme ſadlye abuſd I ſhoud eene dye withe Pyttye
Toe ſee anotherre ſoe I knowe notte whatte toe ſaye
I wille notte ſweare theſe bee mye handes lette mee ſee
Dothe thys Pynne prycke woud I were aſſurd o mye Eſtate

*Cor* O looke onne mee Sir ande houlde youre hande
Inne benydyctyonne oere mee you muſte notte Kneele
*Leare* y doe notte mocke mee
Forre I amme a verye Foolyſhe oulde manne
Foreſcore ande upwarde notte oune houre more or leſſe
Ande toe bee playne I feare I amme notte inne perfecte mynde
Methynkes I ſhoud knowe you ande thatte manne
Yette amme I doubtefulle Forre I amme maynelye ignoraunte
Whatte place thys is ande alle the poore ſkylle I have
Dothe notte rememberre theſe Garrementes norre doe I knowe
Where I dydde ſleepe laſte nyghte O doe laugh atte mee
Forre anne I bee a Manne I doe bethynke
Thys ſweete Ladye toe bee mye Chylde Corredelya
*Cor* I amme I amme O tis ſhe youre daughterre
*Leare* Bee theſe teares wette I praye praye you weepe notte
Anne thou haſte poyſonne forre mee I wille drynke itte
I knowe you doe notte love mee forre youre Syſterres
Have as I doe rememberre done mee wronge

Thou hadſt goode cauſe forre hate butte theye hadde none

*Cor* O breake notte thee poore daughterres hearte

Cauſe Cauſe o noe noe I ha none I ha none

*Leare* Whatte amme I thenne inne Fraunce

*Kente* Inne youre owne Kyngdomme Sir

*Leare* O doe notte abuſe mee

*Gent* Ha Commeforte madamme hys Rage you ſees kylld

Deſyre hee goe inne ande trouble hymme noe furtherre

*Cor* Wilte pleaſe youre hyghneſſe walke

*Leare* Beare mee thenne O praye you forregette ande forregive

I amme oulde ande foolyſhe youre bleſſynge I praye

*Edmunde Reganne Gentlemanne Souledyerres*

*Edm* Aſke othe Duke ifs purpoſe ſtylle houlde

Orre iffe oure Advyces willes hymme toe change hys Courſe

Thenne brynge hytherre hys pleaſure

*Reg* Oure Syſterres manne muſte ſure ha myſcarryedde

*d* Tis toe bee doubtedde Madamme

*g* Nowe ſweete Lorde you knowe the goodeneſſe I innetende you

Saye thenne mouſte truelye doe notte you love mye ſyſterre

Inne honourd Love naughte more
Butte haſte nere founde waye toe the forefennededde place
Noe bye mye honourre
I ſhalle nere ennedure herre fondle herre notte I praye
Feare mee notte

*Albanye Gonerylle Souldyerres*

elle bee mette oure verye lovynge Syſterre
he Kynge is wihe hys daughterre ande otherres too home the rygourre offe oure State forcd toe crye oute
*Reg* Whye is thys reaſonnd
*Gon* Combyne uſſe toegetherre gaynſte the Enemye
Forre theſe domeſtyce broyles are notte the Queſtyonne here
*Alb* Lets detyrmyne thenne onne whatte procedynge
*Reg* Syſterre youle goe withe uſſe
*Gon* Noe
*Reg* Soe tis convenyente praye goe withe uſſe
*Gon* Ho ho I knowe the Ryddelle Ile goe Ile goe

*Edgarre*

*Ed* Anne youre grace canne ſpeake withe ounc ſoe poore heare mee

*Alb* Speake thenne
*Edg* Before the battayle bee foughte ope thys Letterre
Iffe you ha Victorye thenne lette the trumpette ſounde
Forre though I ſeeme poore I canne produce
A Champyonne thatte wille vouche thatte whiche is there
Anne you myſcarrye ſoe dothe youre buſyneſſe ende
*lb* Staye tylle I ha reade the Letterre
*g* Twas forrebydde butte tyme ſervynge lette the heralde crye
Thenne Ile appeare agayne
Fare thee welle I wille oerelooke thee Paperre

*Edmunde*

The Enemyes inne Viewe drawe uppe youre Powerres
e is the gueſſe o theyre ſtrengthe ande forces
e dylygente forre youre haſte is urgedde onne you
*Alb* Thenne wee wille greete the tyme
*Edm* Toe bothe theſe Syſterres have I ſworne mye Love
Eache jealouſe othe otherre as thoſe ſtunge of Adderre
Whiche thenne ſhalle I take bothe oune orre neytherre

Neytherre canne bee enjoyd whilſte bothe doe
live
Anne I doe take the Widdowe Gonerylle is madde
Ande hardelye ſhalle I carrye oute mye ſyde
Herre huſbande beynge alive Nowe thenne wele uſe
Hys Countenaunce forre the Battayle thatte done
Lette herre thatte woud bee rydde deviſe hys ſpeedye
takynge offe
Aſſe forre the mercye he innetendes Leare ande
Corredelya
The Battayle done ande Theye withinne our
Powerre
Shalle neverre ſee hys pardonne Forre mye ſtate
Standes withe mee toe defende ande notte debate

*Edgarre ande Gloſterre*

*Edg* Heere Fatherre take the Shadowe o thys
Tree
Forre youre goode hoaſte praye thatte the ryghte
maye thrive
Ande Iff I retturne agayne Ile brynge you comforte
*Glos* Grace goe withe you mouſte Kynde ande
gentle Sir

*Edgarre*

*Edg* Awaye awaye oulde Manne give mee thye hande

Kynge Leare hathe loſte hee ands daughterre are taene

*Glos* Thenne noe furtherre Sir forre owne maye rotte eene here

*Edg* Whatte inne ille thoughtes agayne Menne muſte ennedure

Theyre goynge hence ande comynge hytherre come onne

*Glos* Trewe Trewe indeede thou ſayſte welle

*Edmunde Leare Cordelya Captayne ande Souldyerres* 2720

*Edm* Some Offycerres withe ſpeede take themme hence

Untylle thoſe thatte are greaterre pronounce theyre wille

*Cor* Wee are notte othe fyrſte thatte have incurrd worſte

Withe beſte meanynge Butte tis forre thee oppreſſedde Kynge

I amme elſe forre myeſelfe I woud outc frowne

Falſe Forretunes frowne ſhalle wee notte ſee theſe Syſterres

*Leare* Nowe nowe letts toe Pryſonne there wee
towe wille ſynge
Lyke Byrdes ithe Cage whenne thou doſte aſke
mee bleſſynge
Ile kneele downe ande aſke o thee forregiveneſſe
Soe wele live ande praye ande ſynge ande telle oulde
tales
Ande laugh atte guildedde butterreflyes ande heere
poore Rogues
Talke o Courte Newes ande wele talke withe
themme too
Who looſes ande who winnes whoſe inne ande
whos oute
Ande take uponne Us the myſterye o thynges
Aſſe iffe wee were Gods ſpyes ande wele weare oute
Inne oure walld Pryſonne Packes ande ſeckes o
greate ounes
Thatte ebbe ande flowe bye lyghte othe pale facd
Moone
*Edm* Take themme awaye
*Leare* Uponne ſuche ſacryfyces mye Corredelya
The Goddes themmeſelves throwe innecenſe
Ha have I thenne caughte thee hee thatte parts uſſe
Shalle brynge a Brande fromme heavenne ande fire
uſſe hence
Evenne lyke Sampſonnes Foxes o wipe thyne Eyes
The goode Yeares ſhalte devore themme fleſhe
ande felle

Eere theye ſhalle make uſſe weepe weele ſee em ſtarvd fyrſte

*Edm* Cemme hytherre Captayne hearke take thou thys Note

Followe themme toe Pryſonne oune Steppe Ive advaunced thee

Ande iffe thou doſte as thys inneſtructes thou makſt thee waye

Toe noblerre Fortune knowe thou thys Menne`are as the tyme is

Ande toe bee tenderre myndedde becomes notte a Sworde

Thenne ſaye thoult dot orre thrive bye otherre meanes

*Cap* Mye Lorde Ile dot

*Bas* Aboute itte ande write theeſelfe happye whenne tis done

Marde I ſaye inneſtauntelye as I ha ſette itte downe

*Albanye Gonerylle Reganne*

*Alb* Sir you have ſhowne thys daye youre Valyaunte ſtrayne

Ande Forretune ledde you welle you ha the Captives

Ande I doe require themme offe you toe uſe themme

As theyre Meryttes ande oure ſafetye maye beſte deterremyne

*Edm* Sir I thoughte itte fyttenne toe ſende the oulde Kynge
Toe cloſe retennetyonne Whoſe Age has Charmes
Ande Tytle more to plucke the commonne boſomme ons ſyde
Ande turne oure impreſte Launeſſes inne oure Eyes
Whiche doe commande themme withe hymme I ſente the Queene
Thatte toe Morrowe theye maye bee betterre able
Toe appeare where you ſhalle houlde youre Seſſyonne
*Alb* Sir I doe houlde you butte as Subjecte o thys Warre
Ande notte a Brotherre
*Reg* Thatte methynkes is as wee doe lyſte toe grace hymme
Wee myghte ha beene demandedde eere thoudſt ſpoke thuſſe farre
Hee ledde oure Powerres bore the Commyſyonne
Bothe of myne owne place ande perſonne
The whiche maye welle ſtaunde uppe toe calle hymſelfe oure Brotherre
*Gon* Notte ſoe hotte ins owne grace hee dothe exalte hymſelfe
More thanne inne youre addytyonne
*Reg* Withe mye ryghtes inneveſtedde hee compares the beſte

*Alb* Thatte were the mouſte an hee ſhould huſ-
band you
*Reg* Jeſterres doe oft prove Prophettes
*Gon* Hola thatte Eye thatte tolde you ſoe lookd
a ſquinte
*Reg* Ladye Ime notte welle elſe I ſhoud anſwerre
Edmunde take thou mye Souldyerres Patry-
monye
Dſpoſe o themme o mee forre alle is thyne
Witneſſe o Worlde I doe create hymme mye
Lorde ande Maſterre
*Gon* Ande meane you toe enjoye hymme
*Alb* The lette alone lyes notte inne youre wille
*mn* Norre inne thyne mye Lorde
*lb* Butte itte dothe halfe bloodyedde fellowe
*eg* Bydde the Drumme ſtryke ande mye Tytle
thyne
Naye ſtoppe heare Reaſonne Edmunde I arreſte thee
Onne Capytalle Treaſonne ande inne thys thye
arreſte
Thys guildedde Serrepente forre you clayme twayne
Syſterres
I beare itte ithe Innetereſte o mye Wife
Tis ſhe thats ſubconnetractedde toe thys Lorde
Ande I herre huſbande contradycte youre Banes
Iffe youle marrye tis mye Ladys Love thats be-
ſpoke
*Gon* Anne inneterrelude

*Alb* Thourte armd Gloſterre thereforre lette the Trumpette ſounde
Ande ſhoud none appeare to prove thye heynous Treaſonnes
Theres mye Pledge Ile makt onne the hearte ere I taſte Breade
Forre thourt inne naughte thanne whatte I have proclaymd thee
*Reg* Sycke o Sycke
*Gon* An tis notte Ile neere truſte Miedycyne
*Edm* Thenne theres mye Exchange thatte othe Worlde he is
Thatte names mee Traytorre Villayne lyke he lyes
Calle bye the Trumpette hee thatte dares approache
Onne hymme ande you Ile mayntayne mye truthe ande honoure

*Herade*

*Alb* A heralde truſte toe thye ſyngle Virretewe
Forre thye Souldyerres alle levyedde inne mye Name
Have alſoe inne mye name tooke theyre dyſcharge
*Reg* Mye Syckneſſe growes uponne mee
*Alb* Shes notte welle conveye herre toe mye Tente
Comme hytherre heralde ſpeake Trumpette the

Iffe any Manne o Qulytye orre degree itts
o thys Armye wille mayntayne uponne Edmun
Suppoſedde Earle o Gloſterre thatte hee is a manyfoulde
Traytorre lette hymme atte thyrde Sounde othe Trumpette
appeare ins defence

*Edgarre armedde*

*Alb* Aſke hymme whye he appeares onne calle othe Trumpette
*Her* Whatte are you youre Name youre Qualytye
Ande whye anſwerre you thys preſent Summonnes
*Edg* Knowe thenne mye name is loſte bye treaſonnes Fangd tooth
Bare knawne ande Cankerre bytte yette amme I noble
As the Adverreſarye I amme toe cope withe
*Alb* Whyche is thatte adverreſarye
*Edg* Whos hee thatte ſpeakes forre Edmunde Earle o Gloſterre
*Bas* Hymſelfe whatte ſayſte thou toe hymme
*Edg* Drawe thenne anne iffe mye Speeche offende thee noble hearte
Thenne lette thyne arme doe thee juſtyce here is myne
Forre tis the Pryvyledge o myne honourres

Myne Oathe ande the profeſſyonne I proteſte
Maugre thye Strengthe Place Youthe ande Emynaunce
Deſpyſynge thye Vyctoryouſe Sworde
Thye Valoure ande thee hearte thou arte a Traytorre
Falſe toe the Gods thye Fatherre ande thee Brotherre
Conneſpyrynge gaynſte thys illuſtryouſe Prynce
Ande fromme the extremeſte upwarde othe heade
Toe thatte duſte thou doſte treade underre foote
Thourte a Toade ſpottedde Traytorre ſaye thou noe
Thys Sworde thys arme ande mye beſte ſpyryttes are bente
Toe prove onne thee hearte thatte I ſaye thou lyeſte
*Edm* Mye Woſdomme needes woud ha mee aſke the name
Butte ſynce thyne outeſyde lookes ſoe fayre ande warlyke
Bye rule o Knyghthoode I dyſdayne ande ſpurne
Backe doe I toſſe theſe Treaſonnes toe the heade
Withe the helle hatedde lye oerewhelme the hearte
Whyche forre theye yette glaunce bye ande ſcarſelye bruiſe
Thys ſworde o myne ſhalle give themme inſtaunte waye
Where theye ſhalle reſte forre everre
*Gon* Thys is practyſd Gloſterre bye the Lawe o Warre

Thou waſte notte bounde toe anſwerre anne unne-
knowne oppoſyte
Thourte notte vanquiſhd butte cozend ande be-
guilde
*Alb* Shutte thee mouthe dame orre withe thys
Paperre Ile ſtoppe itte
Houlde Sir thou worſe thanne anye Name reade
thyne Exylle
Noe noe I doe ſee thou knowſte itte alreadye
*Gon* Anne I doe the Lawes are myne who dares
arraygne mee
*Alb* Mouſte Monſtrouſe knowſte thou thys
Paperre
*Edm* Aſke mee notte whatte I knowe
*Alb* Goe afterre herre ſhes deſperate governe herre
*Bas* Thatte thou haſte chargd me withe
Thatte mouſte trewelye I ha done
Naye Naye ande muche more too
Butte tyme wille brynge alle oute
Tis paſte ande ſoe amme I
Butte telle mee who arte thou
Thatte haſte thys Foretune onne mee
Iffe thourte noble I doe forregive thee
*Edg* Thenne lets exchange Charytyes
Forre I amme noe leſſe inne bloode
Thanne arte theſelfe Edmunde
Iffe more thenne more thouſte wrongd mee
Mye Names noe leſſe thanne Edgarre

Thee fatherres Sonne ande thye Brotherre
The Gods are juſte ande of oure pleaſaunte Vyces
Make inneſtrumentes toe plague uſſe
Thatte darke ande vycyouſe place
Where hee dydde begette thee
Coſte hymme naughte leſſe thans Eyes
*Bas* Thouſte ſpokenne ryghte mouſte trewe
Ande the wheele is nowe comme to us fulle Cyrcle
*Alb* I dydde bethynke mee
Thatte thye verye gate dydde Phropheſye
A Royalle Nobleneſſe
I muſte naye wille embrace thee
Ande mye keeneſte Sorrowe ſplytte mye hearte
Iffe everre I dydde thee orre thee fatherre
*Ed* Worthye Prynce I knowt
*Alb* Where have you hydde youreſelfe
Ande howe knowe the Myſeryes o youre fatherre
*Edg* Bye nurſynge themme mye Lorde
Lyſte a breyfe tale ande whenne tis toulde
O thatte mye fulle hearte woude burſte
The blodye Proclamatyonne toe Eſcape
Thatte dydde followe mee ſoe neere
O oure lives greate ſweeteneſſe
Thatte wee the Payne o deathe woud hourelye dye
Ratherre thanne dye atte ounce
Taughte mee toe ſhifte intoe madmannes Ragges
Toe aſſume a wretchedde ſemmeblaunce
Thatte the verye Doggs woud ha dyſclaymd

Ande inne thys habytte mette I mye fatherre
Withe hys thoſe precyouſe bleedynge Rynges
Theyre precyouſe Stones newe loſte
I became hys guide ande ledde hymme
Beggd forre hymme ſavd hymme fromme dyſpayre
Neverre O faulte reveald myeſelfe untoe hymme
Unnetylle ſome halfe houre paſte whenne I was armd
Notte ſure though hopynge thys goode ſucceſſe
I aſkd hys Bleſſynge and fromme fyrſte toe laſte
Tolde hymme off oure tedyouſe Pylgrymage
Butte hys poore hearte alreadye flawd
Toe weake helas thys conneflycte toe ſupporte
Twixte thee twoe extremes o Paſſyonne
Joye ande griefe burſte ſmylyngelye
*Edm* Deare Brotherre thys ſpeeche o youres
Hathe movd mee ande ſhalle perrechaunce doe goode
Butte praye you ſpeake onne
You looke as you hadde ſomethynge more toe ſaye
*Alb* Anne there bee more thats more wofulle
Thenne Prythee houlde itte inne
Forre Ime allmouſte readye toe dyſſolve
Atte the hearynge o thys

*Gentlemanne*

*Gent* Helpe o helpe
*Edg* Whatte kynde o helpe
*Edg* Whatte meanes thys Blodye Knife
*Gent* O it ſmoakes itte came fromme herre hearte ſhes deade
*Alb* Whos deade ſpeake Manne
*Gent* Youre Ladye ande herre Syſterre
Bye herre is poiſonedde ſhe dothe confeſſe itte
*Bas* Toe theſe twayne Syſterres I was connetractedde
Ande Nowe wee ſhalle marrye inne oune Inſtaunte 2950

*Kente*

*Alb* Produce the bodyes thys Judgemente othe heavennes
Dothe make us tremble O is thys hee
Butte tyme dothe notte allowe thatte whyche mannerres urges
*Kente* I amme toe bydde my Kynge and Maſterre
A goode Nyghte whatte is he notte here
*Alb* Greate thynge bye uſſe forgotte Speake Edmunde
Wheres the Kynge ande Corredelya doſte ſee thys Objecte Kente

*Kente* Alacke Alacke ande howe thus
*Edm* Yette was Edmunde belovedde
The oune ande th otherre poyſonnd forre mye ſake
Ande afterre ſlewe herreſelfe
*Alb* Eene ſoe coverre theyre faces
*Edm* I pante forre life ande yette ſome goode I meane toe doe
Deſpyghte o myne owne vile nature quicklye ſende
Ande bee briefe int to the Caſtle forre mye Wrytte
Iſſe onne the life o Leare ande Corredelya
Naye tarrye notte ſend ſende ſpeedylye
*Alb* Run Run Ryches are thyne anne thou doſte ſpeede thee
*Edg* Toe whome toe whome muſte hee goe
Who has the Offyce ſende thee tokenne o Reprieve
*Edm* Welle thoughte heare take mye Sworde give itte the Captayne
*Duke* Haſte thee forre thee life
*Edm* He hathe commiſſyonne fromme mye Wife ande Mee
Toe hang Cordelya ithe Pryſonne
Ande laye the blayme atte charge of herre deſpayre
*Duke* Ye Gods defende herre beare hymme hence

*Leare ande Cordelya ins Armes*

*Leare* Howle Howle Howle Howle O ye are
Menne of Stones
Hadde I youre Tongues ande Eyes I woud uſe
themme ſoe
Thatte heavennes hygh frettedde Valte ſhoud
cracke
O ſhe is gone forre everre o o o o
I knowe whenne oune is deade and whenne oune
lives
Yeſſe ſhes deade as Earthe lende mee a lookynge
Glaſſe
Ande iffe herre Breathe dothe myſte or ſtayne the
Stone
Whye thenne ſhe lives butte noe noe tis notte ſoe
*Kente* Whatte is thys the promyſd ende
*Leare* O thys featherre ſtyrres ſhe lives an ift
bee ſoe
Thatte chaunce redeemes alle ſorrowes I ha felte
*Kente* Aye mye goode Maſterre
*Leare* Prethee awaye I ſaye
*Edgare* Tis Kente youre goode oulde freynde
*Leare* A Plague uponne you Murderers Tray-
torres alle
I myghte ha ſavd herre butte ſhes gone forre everre
Cordelya ſtaye O ſtaye yette a lyttle

Whatte iſt thou ſayſt her Voyce was everre ſofte
Ande lowe ſweete muſyck oere the ryplynge Streame
Qualytye rare ande excellente inne Womanne
O Yeſſe bye heavennes twas I kylld the ſlave
Thatte dydde rounde thye ſofte necke the murderouſe
Ande damnedde Corde entwine dydde I notte Syrrah
*Cap* Tis mouſte trewe mye Lordes he dydde 3000
*Leare* Ha dydde I notte fellowe I have ſeene the Daye
Whenne withe mye goode bitynge Fauchyonne
I woud ha made themme ſkippe butte I am oulde nowe
Ande theſe ſame Croſſes ſpoyle mee who are you
Myne Eyes are notte othe beſte praye ſtaye Ile telle the ſtraighte
*Kente* Iffe fortune brag of two ſhe lovd or hatedde
Oune o themme wee nowe beholde
*Leare* Arte thou notte mye Kente
*Kente* The ſelfe ſame Kente ande youre Servant everre
Butte wheres youre Servant Caius
*Leare* Aye I knowe nowe he iſſe a goode fellowe 3010
Hele ſtryke ande quicklye hes deade and rottenne

*Kente* Noe mye goode Lorde I amme thatte verye Manne

*Leare* Naye butte Ile ſee thatte ſtraighte

*Kente* Thatte have followd youre ſad ande decayd Life

*Leare* Welconne goode Kente welcome hytherre

*Kente* Butte noe Manne elſe Alls cheereleſſe darke ande deadlye

Youre eldeſte daughterres have foredoomd themſelves

Ande deſperatelye are deade

*Leare* An I thynke ſoe too

*Duke* He knowes notte whatte he ſees tis vayne thatte wee

Doe thuſſe preſente uſſe toe hymme

*Cap* Edmunde too is deade mye Lorde

*Duke* Thats butte a trifle goode Lordes knowe oure Innetente

Whatte comforte canne ſhalle bee applyedde

Ande forre uſſe wee doe here reſygne oure Powerre

*Leare* Ande mye poore fool hangd noe noe thou vile life

Whye ſhoud horſe dog Ratte ha Life an thou notte breathe

O thenne thou wilte come noe more neverre neverre

Praye you undoe thys Button Sir thanks o o o

*Edg* He faynts mye Lorde mye goode Lorde

*Leare* Breathe ſtubborne hearte I prethe breake

*Edg* Looke uppe mye goode Lorde
*Kente* Vex notte hys Ghoſte Praye you lette hymme paſſe
He lykes hymme notte who woud upon the wracke
O thys Rough World ſtretch hymme oute longerre
*Edg* O he is gone
*Kente* The wonderre iſſe he hath endurd ſoe long
He butte uſurpt hys life
*Duke* Beare themme Fromme hence oure Preſente buſyneſſe
Is toe generalle woe Freynſds of mye Soule you twayne
Rule inne thys oure Kyngdomme ande the good ſtate ſuſtayne
*Kente* Thanks Sir butte I goe toe thatte unknowne Land
Thatte Chaynes each Pilgrim faſte within its Soyle
Bye livynge menne mouſte ſhunnd mouſte dreadedde
Stille mye goode maſterre thys ſame Journey tooke
He calls mee I amme contente ande ſtrayght obeye
Thenne farewelle Worlde the buſye Sceane is done
Kente livd mouſte true Kente dyes mouſte lyke a Manne
*Duke* The Weyghte of thys ſad tyme wee muſte obeye
Speake thatte wee notte thatte wee oughte toe ſaye

The oldeſte mouſte have borne wee thatte are
younge
Shalle nere beholde ſoe muche norre live ſoe
longe

*Here endethe mye Play offe*
*Kynge Leare*

Wm Shakſpeare

Withe thys differaunce theyre Currauntes turne arye
Ande looſe the name O Actyonne Softe you nowe
The fayre Ophelya Nymphe inne alle the Oryzoones
Bee mye Synnes rememberd
*Op* Mye goode Lorde
Howe does youre honoure thys manye a daye
*Ham* I humblye thanke thee welle welle
*Oph* Mye Lorde I ha remembrances o yours
Whyche longe I ha longed toe redeliverre
Praye you nowe receyve themme
*Ham* No No I nere gave you aughte
*Oph* I knowe ryghte welle mye honourd Lorde you did
Ande withe themme Wordes o ſo ſwete breathe compoſd
As made youre Giftes moure Ryche The Perfume gone
Take theſe agayne forre toe the noble mynde
Ryche Giftes waxe poore whenne Giverres prove unkynd
*Ham* Ha ha Saye arte honeſte
*Oph* Mye Lorde
*Ham* Are you fayre
*Oph* Mye Goode Lorde whatte meanes youre honoure

*Kynge* Howe fares oure Couſynne Hamblette
*Ham* Excellente I faythe
O the Camelyonnes dyſhe I eate
O the Ayre othe ayre promyſe crammd
You cannotte feede Caponnes ſoe
*Kynge* Thys anſwerre Hamblette is nothynge
Theſe wordes are notte myne
*Ham* No norre myne nowe my Lorde
You playde ounce ithe Unyverreſytye you ſaye
*Polon* Aye thatte I dydde ande was countedde a goode
Actorre
*Ham* Whatte dydſte enacte
*Polon* I dydde enacte Julyus Ceſarre
I was kylld ithe Capytolle Brutus kylld mee
*Ham* Twas a Brute parte inne hymme toe
Kylle ſoe capytalle a Calfe there
*Que* Comme hytherre Hamblette ande ſytte bye mee
*Ham* Noe goode Motherre heres mettelle more attractive
*Pol* Ho doe you marke thatte
*Ham* Shalle I lye i youre Lappe ſwette Ladye
*Oph* Aye mye Lorde
*Ham* I meane mye heade onne youre Lappe

forre I meante notte Countrye Matterres
*Oph* You are merrye mye Lorde
*Ham* Whatte I
*Oph* Aye you mye Lorde
*Ham* O God youre onlye Jygge makerre
Forre whatte ſhoude a Manne doe butte bee merrye
Forre marke howe chearfullye mye Motherre lookes
Ande mye fatherre dyedde whithinne two houres
*Oph* Naye tis twice twoe Moneths mye Lorde
*Ham* Whatte ſoe longe
Naye Naye thenne lette the deville weare blacke
Forre I wille have a ſuite o Sables
O heavennes whatte dye butte twoe Moneths agoe
Ande notte forregottenne yette Thenne theres hope indede
A greate Mans memorye maye outelive hys life
Bye halfe a yeare butte thenne by youre Ladye
Hee muſte builde Churches elſe looke you
Hee ſhalle ſufferre notte thynkynge ont
Ande thenne withe Dobyne ande the hobbye horſe
Hee ſhalle goe goe forre hys Epytaphe
Forre O forre O the hobbye horſe is forgotte

*Dumbe Showe*

*Kynge ande Queene verye lovynglye thenne*

*Pol* Give oere the Playe
*Kynge* Quicke ſome lyghte there
*Alle* Lyghtes Lyghtes

*Ham* Whye lette the ſtryckenne Deere goe weepe
The hearte unnegalledde playe
Forre ſome muſte watche whilſte ſome muſte ſleepe
Soe runnes the Worlde awaye
Woude notte thys ande a foreſte o featherres
anne the reſte o mye forretunes turne Turke
Withe mee withe twoe Provyncyalle Roſes onne
Mye racedde Shoes gette mee a fellowesſhyppe
Sir inne a crye o playerres
*hor* Halfe a Share mye Lorde
*ham* A Whole onne I
Forre thou doſte knowe O Damonne deare
Thys Reygne dyſmantled was o Jove hymſelfe
Ande reygnes heere
A verye verye Peacocke
*Hor* Thou myghtſte ha rymd
*Ham* Goode Horatio Ile take the Ghoſtes Worde
Aye werte forre a thouſande Poundes
Dydſte notte perreceyve
*Hor* Verye welle mye Lorde

*Ham* Uponne talke othe Poyſonynge
*Hor* Aye mye Lorde I dydde note hymme welle

*Roſycnros ande Guildenneſtarne*

*Ham* Hoa hoa Comme ſome Muſycke the Recorderres
Forre anne the Kynge lyke notte the Comedye
Whye thenne perchaunce he likes itte notte perredye
Comme ſome muſycke there
*Guil* Goode mye Lorde vouche mee oune Worde
*Ham* Anne whole hyſtorye Sir
*Guil* The Kynge
*Ham* Aye Sir whatte o hymme
*Guil* Iſſe ins retyremente marvelouſe dyſtemperd
*Ham* Withe drynke Sir
*Guil* Noe Noe Lorde ratherre withe Cholerre
*Ham* Youre Wiſdomme ſhould ſhewe itſelfe
Moure Riche anne the dydſte ſygnyfye
thys tos Doctorre forre mee toe putte hymme
Toe hys Purgatyonne woud perrehappes plunge

Praye you bee rounde withe hymme

*Hamblette withinne*

*Ham* Motherre Motherre

*Que* Ile warrante you feare mee notte
Whithdrawe I heare hymme comynge

*Hamblette*

*Ham* Nowe Motherre whats the matterre

*Que* Hamblette thou haſte thye fatherre muche offended

*Ham* Naye Motherre you have mye fatherre muche offended

*Que* Come Come you anſwerre withe anne idle Tongue

*Ham* Goe Goe tis you thatte queſtyonne withe anne idle Tongue

*Que* Whye howe nowe Hamblette

*Ham* Welle ande whats the matterre nowe 2300

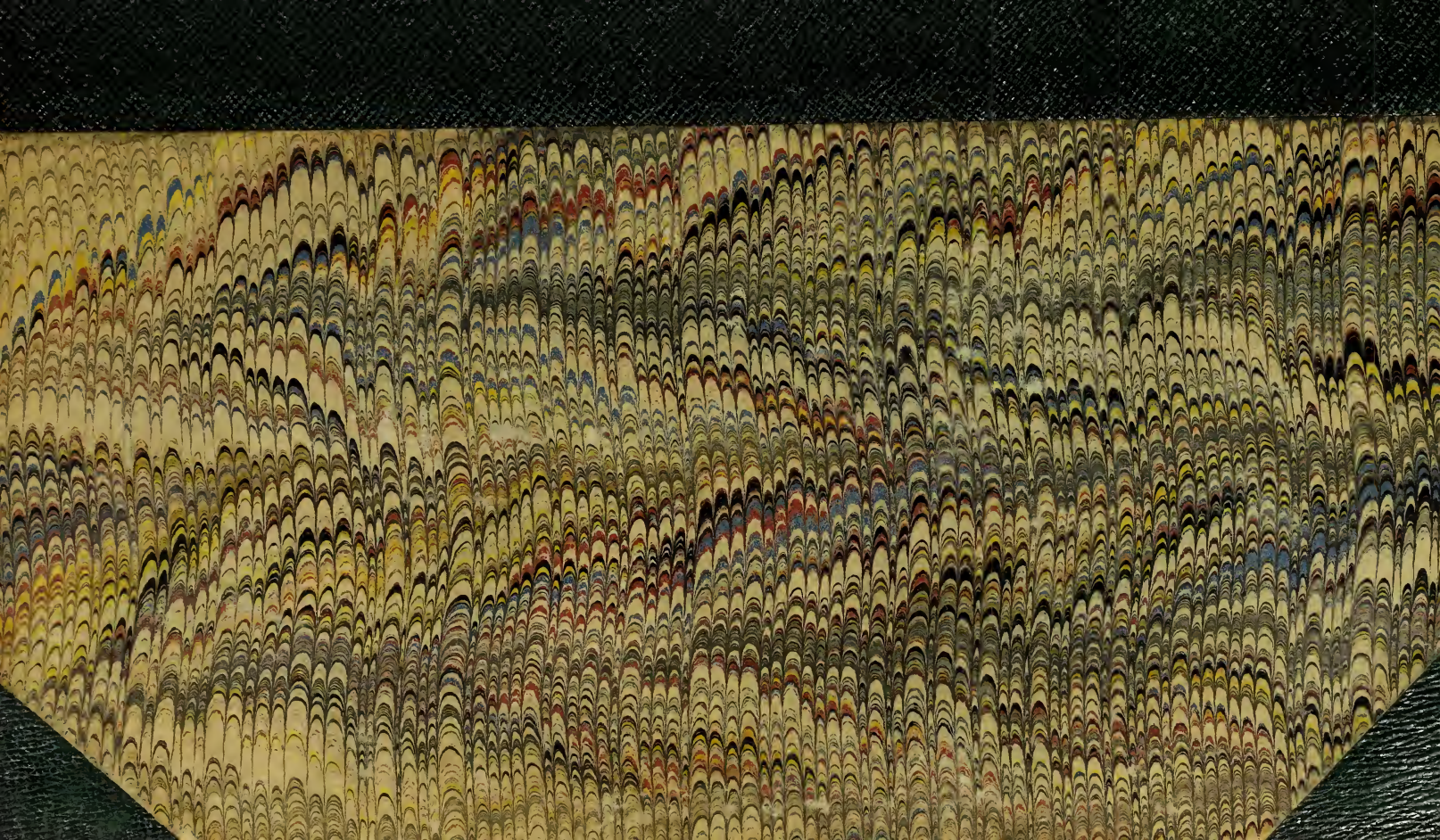
*Que* haſte thou forgotte mee

*Ham* Noe bye Roode notte quite ſoe
You are the Queene youre huſbandes brotherres wife
O woude you were notte ſoe you are mye Motherre

*Que* Naye Ile ſette thoſe toe you thatte canne ſpeake

*Ham* Comme comme ande ſytte you downe

You ſhalle notte budge naye naye you goe notte
Tille I ſette uppe a Glaſſe where you maye ſee
The innermoſte parte o you
*Que* Whatte wilte thou doe thoult notte murderre mee helpe there hoa helpe
*Pol* Whatte hoa helpe helpe
*Ham* Howe nowe a Ratte
Dead forre a ducatte deade
*Pol* I am ſlayne
*Que* Ah me whatte haſte thou done
*Ham* I knowe notte is notte the Kynge
*Que* O whatte a raſhe ande bloodye deede is thys
*Ham* A bloodye deede almoſte as bad goode Motherre
As kylle a kylle a Kynge ande marrye withe hys Brotherre
*Que* As kylle a Kynge
*Ham* Aye Ladye twas mye Worde
Thou wretchedde raſhe innetrudynge foole farewelle
I tooke thee forre thee betterres take thye forretune
Thou fyndſte toe bee too buſye is ſome dangerre
Leave wringing o youre handes Peace ſytte ye downe
Ande lette mee wringe thatte hearte forre ſoe I ſhalle
Anne itte bee made o penetrable ſtuffe
Iffe damnedde cuſtomme ha notte brazd itte ſoe



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